THE

HISTORY,

&c. &c.

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HISTORY

OF

MR. JOHN DECASTRO

AND HIS

BROTHER BAT,

COMMONLY CALLED

OLD CRAB.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

THE MERRY MATTER WRITTEN BY JOHN MATHERS,
THE GRAVE BY A SOLID GENTLEMAN.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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1815.

HISTORY, &c.



CHAPTER I.

How Old Crab's Aunt Biddy died one day—how Old Comical set folks a-laughing at Church singing of Psalms—how Old Crab scolded him thereupon—how Old Crab went into Northamptonshire to make his Aunt's Will—how Old Crab called upon the Lord of the Manor of Cock-a-doodle. Old Comical takes the pen.

Now it came to pass that Mr. and Mrs. Decastro kept a bright eye upon Lord Budemere and his party, until they got them all safe out of the house—never once lost sight of them—no—for how soon is a silver fork, or a silver spoon whipt into a man's pocket! How soon is a bottle of gin or a cask of brandy tucked under a woman's petticoats! Mr. and Mrs. Decastro had

a right to look about them as long as they had any thing to lose, and more especially as Lord Budemere's party admired vastly all the pretty things that they clapt their eyes on in the castle, and when people fall to admiring another man's goods their fingers are sure to itch like fury! As soon as they were gone, Mr. and Mrs. Decastro began to count their spoons and look into the henroost, and found, to their great joy, that if any thing was stolen nothing was missed. Now it came furthermore to pass that Mrs. Decastro and Lady Budemere came down with a world of salt water at parting, and they smacked one another's faces with their red lips as if they would bite one another's heads off.—Well, away they went, the Earl and Countess, Sir Harry and Lady St. Clair, and Mrs. Perrimont, and, as good luck, and a good look out would have it, there was nothing missed in the

the house after they were gone, except a box of corn-salve belonging to Mrs. Pettitoe the housekeeper.

How busy Old Crab was at this time! for what with setting his brother-in-law Lord Budemere's house in order, and darning his estates, and making his aunt Biddy's last will and testament, he scarce knew on what hand to turn him.

Old Comical was smoking his pipe over his toast and ale and nutmeg in porch at the farm, "John!" quoth Old Crab, "come for orders:" forasmuch as it may be remembered that Old Comical was Old Crab's bailiff and clerk of the parish, and said Amen to all Old Crab said in church o' Sundays, "John!" quoth Old Crab, "come for orders." Whereupon Old Comical made his appearance in Old Crab's little parlour with his brown jug in one hand—what! leave such precious liquor all alone in the porch!—with his brown jug in one hand, and his pipe

 in

in one corner of his mouth, and his wig turned bush forwards to keep the flies off his forehead, "Master," quoth Old Comical with his pipe stuck in his face, "here am I." Old Comical smoked a long-tailed pipe in summer, forasmuch as the vapour, coming through a long vein, came cooler into his mouth, but the aforesaid Old Comical smoked a short pipe in winter to keep his nose warm, which hung over the bowl thereof with a purple chilblain at the end of it, for the frost snapt at Old Comical in winter-time as if it would bite his nose off: "Master," quoth Old Comical, "here am I." "John," quoth Old Crab, "I am called into Northamptonshire to make my aunt Biddy's will, for she hath taken it into her head she may die, it appearing by the Register, here, that lies on the table, that she is ninety years of age: this paper contains orders for what I would have done in the farm, and this purse money to pay the men for three weeks:

bid the carter give Old Crop a good feed of corn, I shall set out for Northamptonshire to-morrow morning: take these three sermons to Dr. Rosybottom, and tell him to serve my church three Sundays: a word with you, John: if you cannot sing psalms without making such faces you shall sing no more; you have set the people a-laughing these two last Sundays: if you cannot sing psalms without screwing your cursed jaws about in such a manner you shall not sing at all, but sit still in your desk and let others sing— twisting your chaps about as if you did it on purpose to disturb the congregation." "Look you, master," quoth Old Comical, "I sing with my quid in my mouth, and that it is that is the cause thereof—the tobacco lies quiet enough in plain singing, but when I come to a shake the quid dances about like a devil; I was beating in my throat upon the vowel *o* in a noble trill last Whitsunday, when suddenly

denly my quid began to dance—I was so rapt up in my gruppo that I forgot all about it until it leaped out of my mouth into Old Grimes the sexton's, who was in his demi-semi:—and do you think he would let me have my quid again?—no, the devil-a-bit: he'll be hanged some day if there is a loop of string to spare—no—he tucked it into the corner of his jaw in the middle of a staff, and as soon as the psalm was out he shut his mouth, and I saw no more of my tobacco. If old Grimes goes to the devil if I don't send a chaldron of your best round coals after him I'll be—" "John," quoth Old Crab, "thou art half drunk, what ale hast had to-night?" "Did you ever know me do things by halves, master?" quoth Old Comical: "look you, master, I have received some good news of late, and was willing, I know I am welcome to your tap, I have received some good news of late, and was willing to throw down t'other mug

upon it; I know I am welcome to your tap, your honour." "Good news, you scoundrel," quoth Old Crab, "what good news? except that the key was left in the ale-cellar door." Upon which Old Comical blew a long volume of smoke out of his mouth into Old Crab's face and eyes, and putting him into a thick fog, communicated to Old Crab what Lady St. Clair had told him in the ferry-boat, namely, that his brother had printed an advertisement for him, and was willing to pay him his legacy. Old Crab said he would call on his brother before he left Northamptonshire, and look into it; but added, that he was not at all pleased with Old Comical's behaviour at church, and if he could not behave better in it he would order the churchwardens to put him out of it and disgrace him in the presence of the congregation; subjoining, that if he found no better return for the clerkship which he had given him than turning the

psalms into ridicule, and setting folks a-laughing in church, Old Comical should be turned out of that too as well as the church, and another take his office.

Now it came to pass that the next morning at four o'clock Old Crab mounted Old Crop at the *upping-stock* at the house door; whereupon he smote the old mare with his oaken towel, and off trotted Old Crop with Old Crab and his saddle-bags.

Now upon the arrival of Old Crop and Old Crab at Skeleton House, for that was the name of his aunt Biddy's palace, he found the old lady's carriage at the door, and her already dressed in her best tackle to go to a ball. Now at that time the clock struck ten, and the cock had been upon the perch an hour: "Aunt Biddy," quoth Old Crab, after the usual ceremonies of salutation, "I am come to make your will:" and cast thereupon his eye over a gay knot of artificial flowers stuck

with

with an air into the old lady's cap. "Hæ, hæ, nephey," quoth the frisky old lass with a smile, "it will be time enough for that to-morrow, I am going to a dance in the neighbourhood:" when, giving her people orders to take care of Old Crab, and Old Crop, who had trotted many a weary mile, poor old toad, with a foal in her stomach, (we must not say belly, for that is indecent,) when giving her people orders as aforesaid, the old lady stept into her carriage with a little more alacrity than her aged limbs could well afford, that complained in half a dozen loud cracks that they were in no such skipping humour. Old Crab sucked up his cheeks at the gay old lady, who scuttled into her coach too quickly to leave him any time for a reply. The next morning at breakfast, "Aunt Biddy," quoth Old Crab, "d'ye mean to dance into your grave with a tabor and pipe at your tail? In the devil's name, d'ye know how old ye are?" "Past fifteen,

 nephey;"

nephey," quoth the merry old virgin with a smile. "Past fifteen!" quoth Old Crab; "d'ye know how many fifteens there are in ninety?" "I love the age of fifteen so well," quoth she, "that I don't care how often it comes over." "You have got it in your head it seems," quoth old Crab, "that it is time to make your will; now, look ye, madam, if you can get the fiddles out of your brains I have a world of work on my hands, and could be glad to come to the business:" upon which he went on to tell her that he had a great deal to do for her nephew Lord Budemere, who was running post haste to the devil. "His lordship should have come there long ago," quoth she, "for every body said that he took the nearest way: whenever he gets there, however, he will be sure to meet with a warm reception, for he and the devil are old friends; hand and glove, nephey Bat, on the best of terms.—You have another lame dog to help over a stile, then,

then, it seems, nephey Bat; but John is upon good ground again, you tell me." "Yes, but this is the most confounded business of the two by much," quoth Old Crab; "I have just written to the blockhead, and told him that I must put him on spare diet these ten years, before I can get this lame dog upon all fours again. I got disinherited, and kicked out of the kingdom for giving that very advice, which, if taken, had saved my sister's fortune; that, and all the money the frugal old lord left, is spent: but come, to the will—it has been high time any day these last forty years." "Accidents may happen, nephey," quoth she, "accidents may happen to the youngest of us all." "Accidents may happen!" thundered Old Crab; "aye, you may die in a ball-room, and be fiddled into eternity: the devil take these colt's teeth, how they stick in your mouth, old woman! What d'ye mean to do with your money? 'tis time you thought about

it while the spark of life sticks in your old tinder, if a serious thought can come into such a bedlam." "Come, come, Old Crab," quoth aunt Biddy, "will you never leave off spitting brimstone and sulphur?" "Will you never leave off galloping, dancing, rigging and romping amongst the boys and girls? answer me that old female. What money have you in your banker's hands?" "Not a groat," said aunt Biddy. "Not a groat!" quoth Old Crab; "why, how the plague can you contrive to spend three thousand pounds a-year? answer me that, ye old romp." "I never was a miser, nephey," quoth the old lady; "but you know, who manage all my money matters, madcap as I am, that I never once outran the constable: and, truly, what is money good for? how can we put a penny to a better use than to call one's friends about one's house, and make them all happy, hæ, nephey Bat? if one is merry and wise, hæ, nephey Bat?"

Bat?" "You are merry enough," quoth Old Crab, "if you were but as wise, and old enough too to be more of the one and less of the other to my thinking." "Why, look you, nephey, the more merry the more wise, that's my motto, though it mayn't be so much to your liking.—I give a ball to-morrow, and to-night I am going to a masquerade, so if you please we will come to parish business as soon as we have done breakfast. I may die, hæ, nephey Bat? I may die, the youngest of us all may die, nephey Bat! hæ, hæ, hæ, nephey Bat!" whereupon the old lass clapt her hand gaily on Old Crab's shoulder, and sang the following staves:

'Come, a thing that begins with an F* for old Care!
Grief shall ne'er make a crack in my old earthenware,

* *Scholium*—What could the old lady mean if not farthing?

I'll

I'll dance, drink, and sing, frisk, chuckle, laugh
and chatter,
And as soon as I am dead the devil take my empty
platter.
Sing fal lal liddy tiddy di do!

Look ye, Old Cock-a-doodle, how the sun shines
to-day!
A louse for the hangman, we'll be merry while we
may:
Old tuzzy muzzy grief, curse her picture, is a
drab!
But mirth is a funny lass, what sayst to that Old
Crab?
Sing fal lal liddy tiddy di do!

"What d'ye think of that? hah, hah, nephey Bat?" "A merry old cat!" quoth Old Crab. "Merry! aye, nephey," quoth aunt Biddy, "I danced four dances last night, fell in love, and dreamed that I was kissing my partner. Die! why you don't think I mean to die because I sent for you to make my will, Old Crab? I'm not dead yet, nephey Bat, I am not dead yet." "I will tell you a piece of my mind," quoth Old Crab, "the sooner you are dead the better for the reputation of

ages

ages past; you may be taken for a sample of what women were formerly, and bring more disgrace upon our great grandmothers than their share comes to, galloping about at this time o' day to balls, routs and masquerades; I wonder what the plague ails you for my part, or what the devil is come to a parcel of old bones! Come, send the crockery away, if a will is to be made." Upon which the old lady rang her bell, and, having cleared the breakfast table, the butler put an inkstand under Old Crab's nose, who, dipping his pen therein, and taking a sheet of paper, said, "Now, aunt, what is your will? what d'ye mean to do with your money?" "Why," said she, "folks are apt to part with their money when they can keep it no longer: John, you tell me, is upon good ground, and like to keep so—and a man worth three-and-twenty thousand pounds a-year has enough and to spare for himself and his children; there is my nephey Lams-

broke

broke too is rolling in money; and, as for my lord, he would spend Mexico in one day and Peru in another, and not know where to find money to buy a supper before he went to bed; besides, these good folks never come near me, never make any inquiries after me no more than if I had a tun of marble upon my bones—not they—I know as little of them and care as little: they all live at a vast distance from me, certainly, but a kind letter now and then would comfort my old soul: you have always been a kind and dutiful nephey, taken care of my money, done all my business for me, all my little matters, saved me all expense and all trouble, and moreover put three hundred pounds a-year to my income by your skill and knowledge in the money markets—you, therefore, I make my heir, who ought to have all that John enjoys at this moment, if my brother had not listened, like a hot-headed fool, to Lord Budemere, who, to tell you a

secret,

secret, was the sole cause of your being turned out of your estates: I tell you this that you may take no trouble in that man's matters, who has been the greatest enemy that you ever had to your back." "In the first place, aunt," quoth Old Crab, "I have to say that this thing is no secret to me, for I found a packet of letters, and their answers, among John's papers, when I settled his matters, that told me every thing: in the next, I have to add that I will have none of your money, madam: what I have done I have done, but I will have none of your money: John lets me have my farm cheap, and I have improved my church: I have enough, and will take none of your money, not I." "Highty, tighty," quoth the old lady, "none of my money, quoth-a: why, you don't know what is good, nephew, you don't know what is good—not take any of my money! O' my conscience 'tis the first time a bag of gold ever went a-begging!

ging! For the shame of the world and the speech of the people! what will folks say if I leave my money to another after all you have done for me? Who will tell my story for me after my bones are dry, when some fleering coxcomb shall lift his foot upon my tombstone, and say, here lies an old toad under a slab that deserved to be buried under a dog-kennel—how she used her nephey Bat after all he had done for her, curse her picture, a man that would ride five hundred miles an end upon a full gallop to come and cut her corns for her! an old harridan, to cut such a man off with a shilling! My meaning is this, nephey Bat, I would leave a sweet scent behind me, and not sneak out of the world with my tail between my legs as a dog does, after having committed a nuisance in the parlour. My Lady Wixwax and I had a world of talk upon this matter the other evening over a dish of gunpowder-tea, but I believe neither of us heard

heard one word of what the other said for four hours, for we both talked together the whole time; seeing how matters were like to go we agreed, at last, to take it by turns to hold one another's tongues in the sugar nippers: gracious heaven! how Lady Wixwax did run on after the ninth dish of gunpowder! I paid her off, though, when it was my turn to nip, though her tongue quivered all the while between my fingers as if I had got hold of the tail of a snake! Curse my picture, nephey Bat, if I think there is a woman beneath the silent sun that can talk so long, so lively and so loud as the old Countess of Wixwax. We came both of us at last upon one thing dab, phiz. that you was the man for my money; and if you will not take it, or take it into your own family, curse my picture if I shall go out of theworld with quiet bowels." "What have I done to deserve your money," quoth Old Crab, "what the plague have I done to deserve

your money? I'll have none of your money." "My name," quoth the old virgin, "will stink above ground after my body is turned into snuff and my coffin into a snuff-box: I cannot abide ingratitude, nephey Bat: what did I know about worldly matters? I should have been robbed and ruined but for your services—they ought and shall be rewarded: in the first place, put your daughter Julia down for ten thousand pounds." "What the devil art at, aunt," said he, "will you turn the daughter's brains by way of reward to her father? you will put the wench out of conceit with the man I would pick out for her husband, and set her a-sniffling about after fine gentlemen." "The money shall come into your house, nephey, if I commit a new sort of burglary, break in and put it there. Didn't you wrest my fortune by main force out of the hands of my old uncle Benjamin, who claimed all the principal under some flaw in the deed of

trust?

trust?—put ten thousand down to little Julia, and, if you are afraid of the girl's running mad, keep it a secret 'till after she is married." "Is there no way to thank a man for what you are pleased to call his services," quoth Old Crab, "but by cramming money down his throat? If I have done well I shall not lose my reward, aunt; if ill, justice will be done me, though you get upon my house top and shake guineas about our ears out of your petticoats. You have made the offer, you can do no more, let that satisfy your conscience—rest you content—my doors are bolted against your money." "One word more," quoth aunt Biddy; "you have nothing but pewter in your church since it was robbed of the silver service; now I will not be denied in this thing, I will leave a thousand pounds to furnish the Communion table, with this inscription upon the principal piece of plate, *Be it known to all, that this service of Communion plate was bequeathed*

bequeathed to the Rectory of Oaken-Grove by Bridget Decastro, in token of her gratitude to her Nephew Bartholomew Decastro, Rector thereof, being the only return that he would receive at her hands for the manifold and valuable kindnesses which she received at his." "Well, well, aunt, I shan't stick out, I shan't stick out; if you make me your executor it shall be done according to your order, but let me put on the inscription in Latin." "No, no," quoth she, "in English, it shall be in English, and then every body will understand it." "Well, well, I shan't stick out," quoth Old Crab; "now for your money: if you are at a loss I will give you my advice, aunt, but I am come to make your will, not my own." "My nephey Lamsbroke is rich," said she, "and only one child; my nephey John is rich, and has only two"——"One word, aunt," quoth Old Crab, "John has one son unprovided for, the youngest, named Acerbus, who is the favourite; he

he has not a penny of money in the world, and the estates are settled in strict descent; the eldest, therefore, will come in for all, and the youngest for none, any further than what his father can save for him: now, although I do not think it very likely that John will run back into his old courses, yet we cannot put too many bolts upon that door; leave what you will to Acerbus under this condition, that if his father lays by two thousand pounds a-year as long as he lives, Acerbus shall come in for the benefit of your will at his father's death, if he be then five-and-twenty years of age; if not, as soon as he shall be: in case of his death to be divided equally amongst his children; if none, his brothers; in case of none, then among Sir John Lamsbroke's son's children; and again, in case of none, amongst Lady Charlotte Orby's children, your nephew Budemere's daughter: my aim in this thing is to make a check of a fa-

vourite

vourite child upon the profligate propensities of his father. I have now some hopes, however, of John; he has smarted too much to put his head again in the fire, or I am very much mistaken in the matter." "Very well," said she, "I am content, since you will take nothing, nephey Bat, that these things shall be so. What is John's eldest son's name?" "Frederick, a good for nothing young dog as ever was hanged or unhanged; he may mend, belike," quoth Old Crab, "or he may go out of the world, some day, kicking in a string at the end of the devil's fishing rod, the gallows." "Come, put him down a thousand pounds, a little legacy, that's all, to be his when he comes of age, to save a little promise I made." After a few other trifling bequests, Old Crab was made executor, the will attested, put into a small cabinet, and the key thereof assigned to the care of Old Crab.

As

As soon as the will was put into the cabinet, and the parish business, as the old lady called it, was done, Old Crab, whose way it was to abuse folks to their faces, and do them a good turn behind their backs, began to cast it in his mind how he might be of service to poor Old Comical, and asked his aunt if she knew, or had heard of such a person as 'Squire Mathers? Old Crab could not have applied to a fitter person, for there was not a family of any the least note within twenty miles of her house but the gay old lady was well acquainted with it. "Nephey," said she, "I know Mr. and Mrs. Mathers very well; he has a very good estate at a place called Cock-a-doodle; it is about fifteen miles from hence, and if you will stay with me and go to the masquerade to-morrow night given at Lord Star's, you shall be introduced to the man, if you have anything to say to him." "I go to a masquerade!" thundered Old Crab; "what

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the devil have I to do at a masquerade?" "Do? why you may come very well in character of a Cynic," said she, "and abuse every body you meet, nephey." "What do you know of this man, aunt?" quoth Old Crab. "Know of him? why I know more than is good, as I do of most of my acquaintance," said she; "there is a story of his having defrauded a brother whom none ever saw here, and most believe to be dead, of all the patrimony which his father left him, by giving out that his father died intestate, and coming in for all the property as heir at law; but he and his conscience had a quarrel upon it, and, as when rogues fall out honest men come by their goods, he owned publicly that he had found a will, and had reason to think every thing did not belong to him, because his father had bequeathed five thousand pounds to his brother John; upon which he fell to advertise for him, but hearing no tidings of his brother

ther he kept the five thousand pounds in his pocket, either because he did not know whom to give it to, or because he thought the money might as well be in his own pocket as another's: but what have you to do with this man, nephew?" "No matter," quoth Old Crab, "I have a little business with him; but that's neither here nor there, aunt Biddy, and if you know it, it will be every where." "What! can't I keep a secret? Yes, indeed I can, very well," said she: "do tell me what business you have with Mr. Mathers, upon my honour I will tell it to no soul:" "and I will take care you shall be as good as your word, for you shall not know it," quoth Old Crab. —And aunt Biddy never did tell it, for this reason, amongst others, because she did not know it.

Early the next morning Old Crab mounted his mare, and having made his inquiries, made the best of his way too to 'Squire Mathers, and he was at his

gate at Cock-a-doodle, before the sun or the 'squire was risen: so he gave Old Crop to a groom, who put her into a stable, and Old Crab said he would take a turn and stretch his legs, and by that time the 'squire might be stirring. Upon Old Crab's return at a very good time, videlicet, breakfast time, the 'squire begged he might be shown into the house, and taking Old Crab into his study, wherein he did his justice-business, begged to know his complaint. "I am come to lay an information against a man, an please your worship, being told that you are a magistrate in this place, who has robbed his brother of five thousand pounds." The 'squire started; whether it was his conscience that made him start, or what it was, must be left to the guess of the reader: the 'squire started, however, and changed colour, and said he could go no further in the matter than have the man taken into custody, for which he would give

proper

proper orders. "Will your worship give me authority to lay hands on him if I can come at him?" quoth Old Crab: that he certainly would, he said: "and bear me harmless for the assault?" quoth Old Crab. "I will," said the 'squire. Upon which Old Crab instantly seized the 'squire by the collar, and said, as Nathan once, "Thou art the man." The 'squire complained a little of this usage in his own house, but being a man of temper, begged to be informed whom he had injured, and what was meant by this rude attack; adding, that he was very willing to redress any injury which he had done any man, if any such charge could be fairly made out against him. Old Crab then told his story; upon which the 'squire confessed that he had found a will, and had done all that lay in his power to find his brother John; he further owned, with great candour, that he had secreted the said will, and told his brother a lie when

he came to demand his money; for Old Comical had been told by his father that he would leave him five thousand pounds, which was all that he had in his power to leave him, as the estates were settled in descent, and the tenant in reversion could not be brought to cut off the entail: the 'squire further said, that however extraordinary such a confession might appear, since he might so well have concealed the matter, he begged to explain the thing by saying, that he hated so much the thing he had been, that he thought the whole world owed him a shame for it; he had therefore published the whole truth, together with his hearty repentance of what he had done: the most welcome news that he had ever heard in his life was that his brother John was found; and as for his money, it was ready for him at any time when he, or his attorney, would call for it; for none knew, nor could any imagine the pain and compunction of mind which he had suffered

fered for what he had done; saying this, he fell into such a fit of laughter as to be under a necessity of holding his sides with both his hands for several minutes. Old Crab was not a little offended at this unexpected sally, and was preparing to express his anger, when Mrs. Mathers came into the room in some haste, being told a stranger was with her husband in it, well knowing what might happen if the stranger staid long with him. "Sir," said she to Old Crab, seeing her husband convulsed with laughter, "you will not take the thing amiss when you are told that my husband is very subject to fits of this sort." "That may be, madam," quoth Old Crab, "but I am in no humour to be laughed at for all that." Upon this Mr. Mathers laughed so loud that Mrs. Mathers could scarce be heard to speak, and out he went, at last, laughing out of the room, holding his sides with both his hands. Old Crab and Mrs. Mathers

being now left at the mercy of each other, "Madam," quoth he, "'tis well he left the room in time, or I would have broken his bones." "You will not hear me, sir," said she. "I came here upon no such laughing matter, madam." "He means no harm—no disrespect." "What the plague does he mean?" quoth Old Crab, in a voice that shook the house. "Hear me, sir, one word; my husband is subject to fits—to epileptic fits: he is sometimes seized even in church with these fits of laughter. I came into the room, knowing what might happen, in all haste, lest a fit should take him, as it usually is the case when with strangers—the thing comes from his father, who was a very great laugher, and died, at last, in a fit of laughter, at seeing a man going along the church-yard to be married, with St. Vitus's dance." "Madam," quoth Old Crab, "I am sorry for your husband's infirmity, and am glad you came in time to save his

bones,

bones, and should now be glad, if the fit hath left him, to come to a conclusion of my business." Upon which, being shown into the breakfast parlour, he found 'Squire Mathers writing a letter to his brother John in it, with much gravity, when he presently put his seal upon it, and delivered it to Old Crab, and falling into another fit of laughter, left the room. Mrs. Mathers, having curiosity enough to inquire into Old Crab's business, said, that she was sorry the thing could not have been broken to her husband, for, knowing how much the poor man had suffered in his mind upon the business, she feared the sudden surprise and joy of his brother being found would be of dangerous consequences to him: the 'squire, however, presently returned, and expressed much satisfaction at the news, and said it was the happiest day of his life, made his excuses for his infirmity, which seized him, with more force upon any unexpected emer-

gency, and added, that an invitation was given in the letter to his brother John, whom he begged to see as soon as possible at his house, when his father's legacy should be duly paid him, as promised in the letter, with all the interest due upon the money. After breakfast, Old Crab left Cock-a-doodle, and returned to his aunt's house at dinner time. The next day he put himself upon his journey, and, in due time, he and his mare came safe home to Oaken Grove farm. Something remarkable, however, befel on his journey which must not be omitted; it was, that before he had ridden five miles from Skeleton House, he was called back again by a man who galloped after him at a furious rate, to say that his aunt was taken very ill: upon which Old Crab pulled up Old Crop, who had got into a steady trot with her head towards the North, and giving the right rein of the bridle a twitch, tacked the old mare round, and

put

put her head just in the very place where her tail was, whereupon Old Crop trotted back with Old Crab to Skeleton House, too late, however, to find any more than the remains of Mrs. Bridget Decastro, and a little bit of paper, containing some directions about her funeral, which, and some other matters, being left sole executor, detained him more than a week.

CHAPTER II.

Some Account of Frederick and Acerbus, Mr. Decastro's two Sons, who were sent to Eton School— Old Comical holds the pen.

Here follows some account of Mr. Decastro's two sons, Frederick and Acerbus, who were sent to Eton school. It came to pass that the eldest son, Frederick, promised very faithfully to become a dunce, though a lad of no common parts: and it likewise came to pass that the youngest son, Acerbus, a lad of very superior abilities, promised as faithfully to become a good scholar, and they kept their words. Frederick said that he should have money enough to buy things as he wanted them, and if any knot occurred it would be time enough when it did to pay another to untie it for him if he could not untie it himself, so he followed his head in spite

spite of the rod, and did just as to him it seemed meet; being told that Homer, Horace, and Virgil were famous for their lofty flights, he said they would suit him very well, so he sat himself very diligently to work, and made paper kites of them. But the saddest thing of all, he grew very vicious, sware terribly, and, having worn out all the old oaths, made new ones, and taught them in the school: he gambled too, and fished all the money out of his schoolfellows' pockets. When he was sixteen he fell ill, of a disease without a name, whereupon his father was fain to send for him, and see to his cure at home. As soon as he was well, he begged earnestly to be sent back again to school to finish his education, lamenting that he had lost so much time, and, having promised his parents to do his best to make it up, he got a gun and shot a fawn in a neighbouring park, had it dressed at an inn, and made fifty of the biggest boys in the school dead drunk

drunk at a sitting. Acerbus was a very good boy, and grew to be the best scholar ever known in that school. Frederick said, that things were just as they ought to be, for it was the elder's birthright to be a dunce, and no schoolmaster of them all should flog him out of it: younger sons were apt enough to put in for it, but he loved his brother all the better for not disputing that title with him.

When Mr. Decastro had bought as many hard words as might be sufficient for their admittance into the University, he carried his cockle-shells to Oxford, and entered the eldest at Christ-church college, and the youngest at Merton; and this in order to divide the honour of their breeding, as it would have been too much for one college to have the honour of breeding them both. Change of air and place did not change their minds: Acerbus was every thing that the University could wish him to be, and Frederick, on

thc

the other hand, every thing that the University could wish him not to be: Acerbus grew better and better: Frederick worse and worse. Frederick, when he left Eton, had been flogged two thousand six hundred and forty-nine times: his brother cut a notch on a tally at every flogging, and, as he heard matter were collecting for their history, he put his tally into the hands of the historian amongst other documents of the like importance. At the University, Frederick played the very devil, and, it was thought, would have been the ruin of the place single-handed, if disease had not stept in and laid him by the heels: yes, Frederick's stars forbade him that honour; and certainly a moderate man might well be satisfied with less than the destruction of an university. He did his best, however, to do his worst in order to it, and fought like Hercules against every thing that stood in his way, and took the pains to read the Bible in furtherance

ance of his plan: he burlesqued the psalms, and made indecent songs of many, and sung them in company, to the great amusement and contentation of the gownsmen. As to the Christian religion, he said it was a lie from one end to the other, and the founders impostors, as he could prove, if called upon, which happened once upon a time, when he gave a man a sound thrashing for his impertinence. Now, if a man knocks down his opponent, it is one proof that he cannot stand against him; so after this he was let to have his saying, for, though many had regard for religion, there were few in the University that had not more for their bones; and that was reasonable enough. Frederick never went to college prayers but when he was drunk, and neither knew what he did nor whither he went; so it was always a very bad sign when he came into chapel, for he was usually carried out of it at full length, inasmuch as the

coolness

coolness of the place sat the liquor at work in him. At length Frederick fell sick; for the strongest constitutions cannot stand their ground long against every sort of debauchery. His brother, Acerbus, now wrote a letter to his father to say, that Frederick lay at death's door; when down came the old gentleman on a full gallop out of the North, and carried him at all hazards out of the University: but his removal was attended with certain difficulties, which threw the old gentleman into some perplexities, forasmuch as a set of honest worthy men, who lived in the habits of trade with the University, opposed the litter in a close body, and made it known to Mr. Decastro, with considerable clamour, how unwilling they were to part with their old acquaintance; and so attached were they to the poor young gentleman in the litter, that Mr. Decastro could by no means clear the road of them until such time as he had distributed drafts

on

on his banker to the amount of seven hundred pounds.

Half a year elapsed before Mr. Decastro got his son Frederick on his legs again; the vigour of whose constitution carried the point at last against both medicine and disease. His father now took the advantage of the return of health to read him a lecture in moral philosophy. Frederick heard the peal with patience till his father wrung him upon his debts: "why, sir," interrupted he, "would you have me sneak about the University as if my father was a rat-catcher, or consult his honour and credit in it, and live like a gentleman?" "How far my credit was consulted," quoth Mr. Decastro, "in an arrest in one of the most public streets in the University, I will not say." "But," interrupted Frederick, "what father ever had so fine an opportunity to shew what he could do for a son in distress? your name, sir, after such an act, will be deathless in the University!"

"I have

"I have paid pretty dearly for my immortality," quoth Mr. Decastro; "and now, sir, I must beg to tell you in your ear, that since you cannot make your allowance serve you, another shall; for not one penny shall you be master of without your tutor's knowledge and consent, to whom, in future, I shall pay what money I please to allow, and make Dr. Remnant the bearer of the bag, with orders to bid any tradesman in Oxford trust you for another halfpenny at his peril." This speech was concluded with a loud report of the door upon the old gentleman's going off, which made Frederick's ears tingle for ten minutes. After a pause—"Money must be had," quoth Frederick, keeping his eye upon the door as if he expected his father would return upon him—"Money must be had: a man had as good live among devils in torment as live in the University without money. My father was a fool not to make my tutor my cashkeeper at first, and then I had known no better:

this

this is my uncle's advice: my father was put in the head of it"—here he fell to cursing Old Crab at random. "My blood scalds my arteries at the thought of asking for every penny, like a beggar, at my tutor's door; and, what makes bad worse, I shall be laughed at, and called a young bear with a ring in his nose—a bridled bear!"—here he poured forth the execrations in such vollies as if he had swallowed an emetic to throw the oaths off his stomach! "What!" resumed he, "must I feel the iron of a tutor's curb? twitched back whenever he please to pull the rein? it were enough to make a man's heart fester in his body."—Upon this he took two or three turns about the library, wherein his father had left him to his meditations, biting his nails and his lips by turns, and then, as if he pieced out a sentence half made in his mind—"but if they buckle me alive on a gibbet they shall be disappointed—if I wince I'll be——" here he fell

a-swearing

a-swearing again. At this moment his brother Acerbus came into the library; "Frederick," said he, "you are to return with me to Oxford to-morrow." "With all my heart," quoth he, "I love Oxford, and shall be glad to see it again." "My father says," quoth Acerbus—"Aye, aye," said Frederick, interrupting his brother, "I think my father's plan is a very good one; money was my greatest enemy, and my tutor is now to fight my battles for me; I have had enough of it—money only brings a man duns: when people know I have none, they will let me eat my bread in quiet." So on the morrow, Frederick and Acerbus returned to Oxford.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. and Mrs. Decastro's Motions recorded down to the present time.

Mr. and Mrs. Decastro, sometime used to their saddles, trotted on without any loss of leather, pleasantly enough: she spent two or three months every year in London, so that there was not much galling upon her part—no plaster wanted there—no, no, no plaster—no—how could that be while she sat upon a soft cushion in the gayest city in the world, with her head all broke out in diamonds, and pearls stuck upon her hair as thick as nits, a man might have combed out a handful, combed where he would—No, no, no loss of leather there, while the grand castle in the north was talked of with envy, hatred, and malice, joy, rapture and proud indignation. Well,

but

but talking is but talking after all; what did she do in London to make folks stare? Had she a grand house in a grand street or square? Had she half a score roaring impudent rascals with gaudy liveries upon their backs, hired to kick the world into the kennel whenever she came forth to take the air?—no such things: she had her waiting-maid, and only one footman. No carriage? no; she used her friend Mrs. Grove's carriage, at whose house she usually resided—no house! no equipage! no swearing in the streets at her expense! no hurricanes! no earthquakes! no trembling of the globe upon its axis beneath the thunder of a thousand wheels driving to her balls, concerts, cards and masquerades— Hold hard at that—Mrs. Decastro made one great noise every time she came to town—she borrowed the house of the Earl of Budemere, a noble mansion, and crammed it with human flesh and blood until the walls cracked, and crowds

crowds were suffocated, by way of entertaining her friends—yes, alas! Lord Budemere's house, who could no longer afford to fill it himself, poor man, there had been two many fillings already for that; so she borrowed his house and servants, and made the devil of one night of it; and if people were not squeezed as thin as wafers it was no fault of hers. Now squeezing is a sign of love, and she gave her friends as much as they could bear of it for one night; she straightened their ribs for them; for none could stay long in the rooms with a crooked one, there was no room for any such thing—room! a man could not swallow an egg but it was squeezed back into his mouth again, there was such a crowd! folks went in in good clothes, and as fine as hands could make them, but when they came out they were as ragged as beggars, and some without shoes to their feet! Poor souls! no sheaf of wheat was ever worse handled

in

in a thrashing mill, than a man or a woman in Mrs. Decastro's grand rout; this was what she called, very properly, bringing her friends together. But this unexpected breaking out of the Decastro family into new glory, when it was fondly hoped their sun would shine no more, when they were thought to be sunk into eternal darkness, this rising again with such unlooked for splendour did worse than make people's eyes ache; the reason of which thing, reader, is this, videlicet, folks think that the more A shines the less B is seen, and that is the reason why they are for putting out every body's candle but their own. But to come again to Mrs. Decastro flinging her glories about her without mercy, all this blazing soon brought the engines, as about a great fire, and a great deal of foul water was squirted at her from various quarters: some said she shone with borrowed lustre, borrowing, as she did, Lord Budemere's house and

servants to help out her show: she said she made no merit of her entertainments, her sole object was to do the handsome thing by her friends; she aimed at no grand matter; if her friends were pleased her ends were answered, she looked to no other; neither did she make use of her acquaintance as the building materials of ostentatious pomp; she had no temples of fame of that sort to erect; and as for shining, she thought they shone the brightest who made no fuss about shining at all: the less light some folks had about them the better, for it only shewed others what great fools they were:—no, no, if she had any object of that sort in view, she should not borrow other people's houses to give her friends a little music, a dance or a supper: some were not content unless they called thousands into a great room to shew them what fools they could make of themselves—peace to all such—she had long since been taught to

despise

despise these follies: she came to town with a servant or two, and was content to put up at a friend's house in a very private way, as it best suited the wife of a ruined man; and though her entertainments were the most magnificent in London, she made them out to be nothing at all: if any praised them, she would say, it were a thing in a hired room, or a sandwich, a glass of wine and a fiddle in a borrowed house —her friends were so good as to take the will for the deed—and the like, when an entertainment had cost a thousand guineas. Mr. Decastro felt a little gratification in this at a distance, when he read accounts of his wife's parties in the papers in a snug corner—Old Crab said it was impossible to wash all the dirt out of a mud wall, for there must needs be dirt in it as long as a bit of the wall were left. Mr. Decastro, however, was as much changed as a thing made of Mr. Decastro's materials could be, and though many had

 a good

a good pull at him, none could ever pull him out of the old castle into the world again—this was Old Crab's doing, and it may well be said to be marvellous in our eyes.—But we must now turn our style to other matters.—The name of Grove has already occurred in this our history; we shall proceed to give the reader some account of this family.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

Some Account of Mr. Grove and his Family.—**The pen sometimes in the hands of Old Comical, and sometimes in the hands of the Solid Gentleman.**

Mr. Grove was a very old friend and schoolfellow of Mr. Decastro, a very quiet man, and very rarely spoke one loud word—his manner was to carry his nose up to a man's ear, and deliver all he had to say into it in a whisper. Mr. Grove had a wife—where on earth could he have picked her up?—Mr. Grove had a wife who seldom spoke at all, but made use of signs as far as signs would go, like one born dumb: when she wanted wine, or gin, rum, brandy, or queen's water, she would point at the bottle; when she wanted tea she would point at the canister; and when she would send for the gen-

tlemen into the drawing-room after dinner she would erect a finger at the butler. One day when her maid offended her, the woman dashed out of the room in a moment, for she said that her mistress put on a terrible frown and pointed at the poker. These two good folks coming together, somehow or other, like flint and steel, struck out a pretty spark, and called his name George, a very excellent young man, and, being an only child, he had like to have got killed with kindness—more of him by-and-by. Mr. Grove's estates lay near Mr. Decastro's fine old castle, and he lived at a place called Hindermark, a noble place, well known to all in the north of England who are not ignorant of it: Mr. Grove was glad at heart to find his old friend and schoolfellow Decastro was come to live near him, and he cut three capers the first time he heard of it: and Mr. Decastro was glad at heart to find that he and his old friend and schoolfellow, Grove.

Grove, were such near neighbours, and he cut three more capers when he heard of it, which made six capers all together. Mr. Grove had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds a-year, which some give as one reason why he was not a poor man, and it may be a good one, whatever private doubts some may entertain of the matter, for some old cunning stagers have held forth that they are not always the richest men who have got the most money: Mr. Grove, however, was very frugal, and never paid away a shilling without looking at it on both sides: but he kept a good house, and called his friends about him, like a noble gentleman, both in town and country, notwithstanding; but he hated noise, and if a servant spoke a loud word he would ring his bell and ask what was the matter: when he and his wife came to a quarrel it was always carried on o' both sides by signs and motions, which grew at times so vehement in every part of

their bodies that was moveable that they seemed to a looker-on like two people in strong convulsions: by the time all was over they had usually perspired so much that they were fain to call for a change of linen: but of this thus far. Old Crab was the first man to bring Mr. Grove the news that his brother was coming to live in the old castle: "Mr. Bartholomew," quoth Mr. Grove, running his long nose into Old Crab's wig, "Mr. Bartholomew, it gives me great joy to hear of this matter," whereupon Mr. Grove cut his three capers as aforesaid. "Master Grove," quoth Old Crab, "what the devil ails ye?" "My joy has given me a motion, Mr. Bartholomew," whispered Mr. Grove; "my joy has given me a little motion, that is all," pulling his long nose on one side with his right hand to get nearer to Old Crab's ear. Now it came to pass that Mr. Grove had his nose in his hand when Mrs. Grove came into the room—yes,

Mr. Grove had his nose in his hand when Mrs. Grove came into the room, for it stood forth like a long pole of flesh to the length of six inches straight out of the middle of his face: "Sugar of my life," quoth Mr. Grove to his spouse, walking up to his wife with his nose in his hand, and blowing the hairs off her ear for the better conveniency of whispering, "sugar of my life," said he, "Mr. Bartholomew Decastro, here, comes to tell us the good news of my old friend John's coming to live at Oaken Grove—" "Why the plague can't ye speak out," thundered Old Crab; "there's always such a whizzing and whispering amongst ye, as if ye had got something in your heads that ye were ashamed of, speak out!" "Mr. Bartholomew," said Mr. Grove, "we shall be exceedingly glad to see you to dine with us upon this good news to-day: there was not any mischief done by your brother John when he was a boy for ten years together but I had

a hand in it, Mr. Bartholomew; not an old woman turned at night with her lanthorn bottom upwards to the stars, but I laid hold of one leg, and John, my good friend John, laid hold on the other; no duck knocked on the head but John and I each threw a stone at the same time; no dog canistered but I held his tail while John, my friend John, tied on the canister: ah, good Mr. Bartholomew, you must dine with us upon this good news to-day, yes, indeed—" upon which Mrs. Grove pointed to a chair, which was as good as to beg Old Crab to sit down. "I shall be starved to death before your dinner is ready," quoth Old Crab; "what time d'ye dine, Master Grove?" Mrs. Grove held up three fingers, which was as good as to say they dined that day at three o'clock. "Well, well," quoth Old Crab, "I am going round to some of John's tenants; we have some old leases falling in this Michaelmas, we must try to give them

a hoist,

a hoist, ha, Mr. Grove, you understand me, the scoundrels have got as fat as hogs upon these old rents :—I'll call and eat a bit of victuals with ye when I come back; —and, d'ye hear? bid your butler put some toast and nutmeg into a tankard of that strong beer I drank of t'other morning, I should like a hair of the old dog, Master Grove." And Old Crab was as good as his word, for punctually at three o'clock, aye, while Mr. Grove's turret-clock was a-striking, the old crop mare trotted up to the house with Old Crab upon her back and a foal running by her side, and stood very quiet at the gate while she got rid of Old Crab on one side and gave her foal suck on the other: "Take care of the mare and colt," quoth Old Crab to the groom, who came running in his scarlet and gold jacket, "take care of the mare and colt, you gold-laced rascal, or I'll embroider your back with my cudgel and give the tailor a new pattern for the next livery." We have

 no

no time to break out sideways and tell long stories, but Old Crab had picked up the groom that ran for his mare, naked as he lay upon a dunghill, in London, thrown there and deserted by his mother in one of her good humours to take his chance for a nurse of a better temper—yes—called by his cries, picked him up, wrapped the baby in his handkerchief, and put him into his great coat pocket; the lad, knowing Old Crab's way, smiled while Old Crab shook his oaken towel over his head, and had little need be bid to take care of Old Crop and her foal, for he owed Old Crab quite as much as he could ever pay if he lived to the age of Methuselah. "I hope, Mr. Bartholomew," said Mr. Grove, when he came in, "you have not been beating poor Will, he is one of the best lads in the world." "No, no," quoth Old Crab, "I've done the scoundrel no hurt, not I." "If you were to see the lad weep, and hear him call you his kind father,

father, as poor Will often does in my presence, I am sure you would not hurt him," said Mr. Grove. "He comes after one of my wenches," quoth Old Crab, "and makes the baggage as idle as she can hang together, I'll break his bones next time I catch him in my kitchen.—Your second bell has rung, why the devil don't your villains bring in the victuals?" At that moment the butler, with four or five more servants at his tail, came in with the dinner; they all smiled at the sight of Old Crab for some reason or other, who seized a knife and fork and put half a pound of boiled beef upon his plate the moment after he had said grace. As soon as dinner was over Old Crab, at the earnest desire of Mr. and Mrs. Grove, gave a very particular account of all he had done for his brother John, at which Mr. and Mrs. Grove expressed great satisfaction.

Mr. Grove's son George, who went to Eton school with Mr. Decastro's two

boys

boys Frederick and Acerbus, was then at home :—what is he pulled in at this place for? to put the reader in mind that there was such a person, and likewise to say that he was sent to the University with Mr. Decastro's two sons, and also that he was always a good boy, and minded his book, and did as he was bid :—there was a son! when comes there such another?



CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

How matters went on with Mr. Decastro's two Cockle-shells at the University—how Acerbus, the youngest, was called the Philosopher—how Frederick, the eldest, fired a brace of balls at his Brother, left Oxford and the stink of Gunpowder behind him.—The pen in the hands of the Solid Gentleman, with now and then a dash from Old Comical, when the Solid Gentleman was fain to step forth upon his needs.

Here followeth an account of Mr. Decastro's two sons, and what they did at the University.—What a pity it is that a man cannot go to a shop and bespeak a child, and give orders how he would have him made! and, if he did not like the work after it was done, what a pity it is that he could not send him back to be altered! what a devil of a pulling to pieces there would be! how much work would be unripped! what alterations in soul and body before a man

man could get a child to his mind! But, as matters are, fathers and mothers must e'en take children rough as they run, half man half angel, half man half devil, and 'tis well if half and half can be got in the thing: O Lord! a man had better hire himself out to a pastry-cook, and make giblet pies all his life, than have any hand in such an odd composition!—But the earth must be peopled and be—

As soon as Frederick's tutor, Dr. Remnant, heard of the arrival of his hopeful pupil he sent for him to his pupil-rooms, and gave him to understand that he and his money were to be parted until further orders, read him a long lecture upon vice and extravagance, and issued a programma that any tradesman in the University should put his name in his books at his peril: upon Frederick's leaving the pupil-room the doctor put five shillings into his hands, and bade him not spend it all at once for fear he

should

should make himself sick: Frederick made his bow and left the room gingling the five shillings between his fingers: he felt vexed at heart, but made a countenance as if nothing were the matter, and had the dexterity to lay his plans so far under water as to leave a smooth surface, so that none could guess where he had sunk his works. He began by putting the best leg foremost on his way to reform, and grew all on a sudden so different a thing from what he had been, that some thought him out of his wits: and he so carried matters as to baffle the officious malice of his tutor, who had not a new rod put into his hands for nothing, by drawing an odium upon Dr. Remnant upon the score of too severe a treatment of a penitent person. In the mean time he consulted one Corduba, a Jew, upon the one thing needful, who, having made due inquiries into the nature and extent of his father's property, made no scruple

to

to grant supplies of money to Frederick from time to time under certain securities. Upon this Frederick fell to sinner it private, and saint it in public, and went so far as a regular attendance on prayers and lectures required him, avoided much wine, at such times as there were like to be any danger of being seen drunk, and kept some things with caps on their heads at some distance from the University. Frederick now began to breathe fresh air upon his successes, and so managed the thing as to get the pity of all to himself, and his father and tutor all the blame. After a little time the doctor got stung by hints and innuendos, and he sent for Frederick one day and spake as follows: "Your conduct of late, sir, has been such as to gain my approbation; you have been very regular in both public and private lectures, attended prayers in chapel, and I have not seen you drunk these two months." Upon which the doctor put five guineas

neas into Frederick's hand by way of reward for having been a good boy. "I should hate myself," said Frederick, in anger, "if I could take any reward for doing well!" upon which he flung the guineas slap-dash upon the floor, some of which danced into his tutor's lap as he sat at his desk, and left the room in great indignation. Dr. Remnant upon this immediately wrote to his father to tell him the good news, but Frederick, though very much pressed, would not go home with his brother at the next vacation: he would appear no more, he said, in the presence of his parents until he had expiated his past conduct by a voluntary banishment: say what they would, no entreaties, no prayers, no tears could bring him to the castle; another, and another, and another vacation came, but no Frederick; he punctually sent his love and duty by Acerbus to his father and mother, but no forgiveness, no offers of pardon, no powers of per-

suasion

suasion could bring Frederick back again to Oaken Grove.

Acerbus was a shrewd fellow, and could see as far into a mill-stone as another could thrust his nose: books and he were always together, for he took them to bed with him, which was a proof of the strength of his appetite—he had a lamp ever burning in his room, and if he awoke in the night he fell to reading that moment: he not only grew to be the best scholar of his day, but the wonder of the University for his learning, his virtues and his oddities: some called him a monster because he was, as folks were fain to think, without a fault—to say the truth, a better young man could scarcely be, or one more eccentric: if some called him the monster, most called him the philosopher; so when any said here comes the philosopher, or thus said the philosopher, or, I was talking with the philosopher, all knew of whom men spake. In person he

was

was a very large stout man and had a fine Roman countenance, and his face was as red and as round as a cricket-ball. What business had a studious man with such a red face? He portioned out his time, reader, to exercise as well as study, well knowing that the health of the body and the health of the mind, like twin cherries, grew upon the same stalk. But our philosopher had nigh got shot through the body upon the following occasion; videlicet, he called upon his brother Frederick one morning, and fell to question him, in the Socratic manner in which he usually argued, upon his sudden reformation, and, after a little time, drew him into some contradictions, which put Frederick into a violent passion. The philosopher so managed the matter as to make his brother think he had made some discoveries, for, to say the truth, the philosopher had some time had his suspicions that all things were not quite right

right in Frederick: after a few artful questions, which poor Frederick was wofully at a loss to know what to do with, or how well to get rid of, the philosopher, seeing Frederick's alarm, asked him, "How comes it, brother, that now you are grown good you exist in the midst of fears and apprehensions, when, being bad, you were afraid of nothing? is it that you would seem to be what you are not, and so the fear of discovery teazes you with alarms?" "Discovery!" said Frederick, "what discovery have you made, sir?" "Why," said the philosopher, "that you are afraid something had been discovered, which is a sign you have something to hide: now, answer me, brother, what is it that a man had rather hide, a good thing or a bad thing?" "Why," said Frederick, "a bad thing, for all are ready to show a good one." "It is well said," quoth the philosopher, "but has any man any reason to fear lest he be discovered to be a better

ter man than we take him to be?" "Certainly none at all," said Frederick. "But if he hath any bad thing in himself he has reason enough then to be afraid lest we find him out to be a worse man than he seems to be?" "Yes," said Frederick. "Is it true then," quoth the philosopher, "that when any bad thing be in a man and he fain would conceal it, that there is no cause for any alarm lest that bad thing be discovered in him; but when a good thing be in a man, the terror lest it be found in him fills him with consternation?" "This is a fine question," said Frederick;—"why a man who has any good in him need neither fear, nor show signs of fear lest it be discovered." "Remember, brother," said the philosopher, "it is you that affirm these things, and that it is I that only ask the questions.—We are agreed then," continued he, "that it is the bad man only who hath some ill thing to hide that shows signs of alarm lest that ill

thing

thing be discovered?" Frederick saw that the philosopher was drawing him into a snare, but where it lay, or how to avoid it, knowing the stake he had, called for his best look-out; "Certainly," said he, "the last must be true, for nobody was ever hardy enough to deny it." "That may be a reason," quoth the philosopher, "and yet a man may be deceived; or why should you be afraid lest any good thing be discovered in you?" Frederick upon this grew pettish, and said that he would not answer for what lies might have been told.—"What reason," quoth the philosopher, "have you to suspect any lie to be told? and, let there be a lie told, what then? the good have lies told of them as well as the bad, nay, rather, for bad men are most willing to calumniate the good, and it often happens that the more a man is belied the better he is; so, if to be belied be a sign of merit, you need not be uneasy on that head: and, if I

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am told you play the mask upon us, for instance, and throw yourself out for the thing which you are not, you are nevertheless the thing you are, notwithstanding any uneasiness you may feel to be found to be better than you are thought to be." "Thought to be!" said Frederick with considerable warmth, "thought to be what?" "Why," said the philosopher, "you have confessed, and put yourself into a great pucker at the same time, that when a man is conscious of no ill thing in himself he shows no signs of distress, then what makes you, brother, in such a taking? Symptoms will attend a disease, sometimes, which no patient can conceal; if a man be really bad and would bear himself out to be good, and suffer signs of evil to break out, he hath either got more devil in him than he can manage, or is an undergraduate in hypocrisy." "Pray, sir," said Frederick, with a terrible oath, "do you take me for a hypocrite?"

crite?" "I take you to be," said the philosopher, "no more and no less than you have confessed yourself to be: have you not named the disease and the symptoms by which it is known?" "I have great reason to suspect that you have picked up some lie," said Frederick, and hesitated. "A lie!" said the philosopher, "what, something said in your praise do you mean?" "No, Mr. Sneerer," said Frederick in a loud voice, "though a lie may be told in it, I do not mean so." "If one told me that you were a great hypocrite," said the philosopher, "were that a lie told to your discredit?" "The devil is in it if it were not," said Frederick, pacing about the room. "What!" said the philosopher, "if you played the hypocrite with great wit and skill? or in so clumsy a way as to be found out to be an impostor? for if any said that you had great wit and skill, were that to your discredit? Put

the case, for instance, that you wore one face at Oxford and another face at Abington—" The naming of this town was accidental in the philosopher; it happened to be the place, however, where Frederick kept his mistress, and laid the scene of all his debaucheries:—the spark fell at once into the middle of Frederick's combustibles, he flamed out in a moment, and, discharging a tremendous volley of oaths, he ran to his escritoir, from which he took a brace of loaded pistols, and throwing one across the table to the philosopher, said, "If you alone, and I suspect none other, have found out what I am, and what my father's severities have forced me to be, I have yet a chance—take that pistol, sir, the luck will be yours or mine; if mine, no tales will be told; if yours, I shall not be in the way to hear them!" saying which, he ran up within the table's length of his brother, and fired at the philosopher, who received a

brace of balls in a folio edition of Plato's works, which he had just time to interpose by way of shield, and saved his life thereby; for, had it not been for the interposition of a brother philosopher, Acerbus had been shot through the body: he instantly laid hands on Frederick, and disarmed him of the other pistol, which he had seized to make a second shot at his brother, and coolly taking Plato under his arm, called on Dr. Remnant, and told him a story which turned the doctor into stone. Upon the doctor's return to flesh and blood, he took the book, and, upon examining Plato, found the bullets had penetrated as far as that divine philosopher's dialogue upon the immortality of the soul. Frederick, as soon as his brother left the room, saw no time was to be lost, so packed a portmanteau with what clothes and money he had, and made all speed out of the University. He took the Abington road, and, getting into Bagley wood,

made a halt in a thick part of it, and fell to plot his future conduct. As good luck befel he had just received a supply of money from the Jew, amounting to one hundred and fifty pounds, which was, within a few pounds, all he had at present to subsist upon. As soon as it was dark he crept out of his hiding-place, and made the best of his way to Abington.

CHAPTER VI.

What became of Frederick—how he met with Colonel Barret—his Success at a Gaming-house—how he discovered a trick at Cards.

UPON reading over our last chapter, we find that there is a little mortar wanted here and there to fill up a chink or two in the building: To apply the trowel to the proper places—Frederick, as soon as he had shot at his brother, saw him instantly put his hand to his bosom! for the book, which he held out as a shield, was driven with great force against him by the impetuosity of the bullets, and gave him some pain from the violence with which it had recoiled upon his stomach: Frederick, therefore, took it for granted that he had wounded his brother, and as soon as he went out he fell to barricadoe the door, and opened a back window, the iron bars of which he had made to lock

and unlock at his pleasure, to be ready to leap out if he found his castle besieged: all being quiet he packed his portmanteau as aforesaid, but upon buckling the last buckle of it he heard one knock at the door, and demand admittance: Frederick knew his tutor's voice in a moment, but, not being quite prepared for the lecture he expected, he threw his portmanteau out at the window, leaped out after it, and, as good luck would have it, got clear out of the University without any questions asked, or meeting any body that took much notice of him. He then made the best of his way to Bagley wood, where he hid himself, as we observed at the heel of the last chapter, until night, when hunger and an eager desire to make his escape, brought him out of his hole, and he proceeded to Abington. As soon as he came into the town he went immediately to his mistress's lodgings, who informed him, to his no small consternation, that his

 brother

brother had died that day of his wounds: Frederick, when he had a little recovered from the blow, for this dreadful intelligence almost knocked him down, began to inquire into particulars, knowing that it was not quite impossible that Fame might have told a lie once in her life: the woman said, that her sister had come from Oxford that day and told her the whole story, who would not deceive her, or be deceived herself, for she had her intelligence from one of the scouts of his own college; she very earnestly begged him therefore to make his escape out of Abington as soon as possible: upon which a post-chaise was sent for, and Frederick, putting his mistress, his portmanteau and himself therein, sat off with all speed for London. He had not been many days in town before he fell among thieves, a thing that can scarcely be believed in so honest a place; where a man may hang his purse full of money upon a nail at

Temple-

Temple-bar and come and find it as safe there the next morning as the next minute. Notwithstanding, however, that such a thing as a thief was never heard of in London, Frederick made shift to fall among a great many, who, being very well aware of the sanctity of the metropolis, were fain to put on the exterior of good and honest men to be like other people. The first he met with was Colonel Barret, whose name has already appeared in this our history: now the colonel was a gambler, and a very wise man: now to be wise is to know things, and amongst sundry others the colonel knew this, viz. that a time must come when Frederick's father must leave to another what he could no longer keep himself, at which time, should he live to see the day, Frederick would come to be a bird worth his plucking. The colonel met him at a coffee-house, ordered his dinner to be put upon Frederick's table, shook him well by the hand, asked

how all friends did in the north, for he was an old acquaintance of Mr. Decastro's, and he and Frederick soon grew to be cod-fish and oyster-sauce; that is to say, reader, they relished mighty well together. "Freddy," quoth the colonel, "I remember thee in thy nurse's arms, and have danced thee upon my knee many a time before thy dad took his freak and ran into the north:—he has played us a fine trick with his sham bankruptcy:—but I say, Freddy, what brought thee from Oxford to town in term time?" Frederick then said he had come to a quarrel with a *brother* collegian and had fought a duel, and thought it were expedient to be absent until matters could be adjusted, for he had wounded his man severely, and his life was despaired of. The colonel said it was a dangerous thing for boys to play with fire, and then asked him if he had got any money in his pockets? if not, he would supply him with what he wanted

as

as long as he staid in town upon a little bit of post-obit paper: after dinner he took him to a gaming-house. Frederick had a hundred and fifty pounds in his pocket, which was all he possessed in the world; upon this, after a little looking on, he sat down to play, and skinned a young nobleman, who must be nameless, of an estate worth eight hundred pounds a-year; at that very moment he was taken extremely ill, carried out of the room by four men, and put into a hackney coach with orders to be driven to his lodgings: as soon as the coach drove off, Frederick, all on a sudden, came to be as well as ever he was in his life, bade the coachman tack about and drive him to Mr. Petticraft the solicitor's chambers. Now it came to pass that Frederick, by Mr. Petticraft's help, got hold of the estate aforesaid by the handle; that is, the right thing to hold it by, and went no more to the gaming-house:—no—he went to see

 his

his estate instead, which he never might have seen, perhaps, if he had gone back to the gaming-house; so, ordering a post-chaise, and putting his mistress, his portmanteau and himself therein, away he went, in jolly ostentation, to see his estate and visit his tenant in the country: he shewed the farmer his title-deeds, told him he had bought the property, let the tenant a new lease, the old one being worn out, and raised the farm to a thousand a-year. After which he shook his tail, received half a year's rent, and he, his mistress and his portmanteau returned to London. Received half a year's rent! why, he had been in possession but a few days—how the devil could that be? Reader, we have no mind thou shouldest bite our nose off—the last half year happened to come due while Frederick was at his tenant's house, so he took the money, and gave the farmer a receipt for it. Suppose we happen to make a blunder, reader, canst thou not

pass

pass it by without roaring like a bull at a blue blanket? let folks find faults for themselves.—The colonel, who, in the mean time, it seems, had heard of Frederick's good luck at play, came into the old coffee-room, and found him at dinner in it: "What," said Barret, "have you found Oxford too hot to hold you, or are you come back to try if any more estates are to be picked up at Hazard?" Frederick, who had a pretty knack at reading a man's thoughts in his face, laughed, and said he had a mind to see how long it would be before he found matters out. Barret called him a sly dog, ordered his dinner on Frederick's table, and, taking him now to be grown a little more worth his notice, after some hearty shaking of hands and other professions of friendship, remonstrated with Frederick on his using a friend with so much reserve as to leave him to find out his good luck from others, when a confidential communi-

cation

cation would have given so much more pleasure; artfully putting his distance to the score of timidity, as if he were to look for a reprimand from an old friend of the family for such his deep play; which indeed he could hardly approve in one so young, for though the thing were innocent enough when used with discretion, young men, however, fired at a little good luck, were apt to run past bounds:—Frederick took occasion to thank Barret for his good advice, and other tokens of friendship, and took his admonition in the letter, and not as Barret intended it, as a spur rather than a check to play, judging from his knowledge of young men, that to advise them not to do a thing was, for the most part, the very way to put them on doing it. He told him, truly sensible as he was of the value of all he had said, that there was little occasion for it notwithstanding, for he might depend on it none should ever draw him to risk a bird in hand for two

in a bush—he should play no more. Barret, who began to find that he had missed his way, and willing to draw him on, taking it into his head that he might as well have this delicious estate as another, said, the advice which he had given him did not apply to the present case, neither could he be thought to call him off where his honour was concerned in any matter. Frederick asked him what he meant by that? He said, that he had met the young nobleman who had lost the estate, several times, who had expected to find the winner in his place, and ready to give him his revenge; had been much disappointed, however, in not finding him in it, and had let something fall as if such dealings were not honourable: Barret went on to say, that however tender he might be of Frederick's morals, it were ill done if he overlooked the care of his honour, and he had gone so far as to pledge himself for his appearance and readiness to do

every thing which could be expected in a man of honour. Frederick again expressed his thanks and said, that for once he should rest his reputation on the plea of raw inexperience, youth, and ignorance of the world, and take care in future to run it into no further risk, and, in order to it, the best way would be to go no more to the gaming-house, and upon this he was quite determined. Barret, nettled at being still flung off, said, he had engaged himself for his friend's appearance, that he had made his excuses from time to time, and that his own honour as well as Frederick's——interrupting him, Frederick said, that he must beg leave to differ from his worthy friend, and others, in his notions of honour, and, though he owned that he felt a wish to be better acquainted with those gentlemen to whom he had been introduced when last he was in town, yet, like as he was to differ with them in opinions, he was come to a resolution

to see their faces no more, it should not be his fault, however, if he did. Upon this he arose, called for his bill, and, excusing himself upon a little engagement, wished Colonel Barret a good evening, and went away. On his return at night he found a note of invitation from Barret to dine at his house the next day: Frederick had his doubts, not knowing whom he might meet, and suspecting some plot on foot to get him to play, refused to accept the invitation. Barret called on him in the morning, and assuring him no man would be at his dinner whom he could have any the least objection to meet, Frederick promised to come. On his arrival he found none whom he knew, but stood well on his guard, for he was full of suspicions. After dinner some left the room, and Barret amongst the rest, when those who remained in it tried to make him drink: Frederick drank a few glasses with them, and made a shew as if he were fuddled: upon

which they held their hands, and one went out, and, presently, they who were absent returned with Barret, who made excuse of some business for himself and the rest, and said, "Now, gentlemen, if you please, we will walk into the other room;" where tea and coffee, card, and other tables for gaming, were set out. A young nobleman, who must be nameless, now came in; he had been expected at dinner, but did not come on some account; he made his apologies in a very elegant manner, and, after taking a slight repast in another room, joined the party and sat down to play. Frederick, who feigned himself half drunk, was presently asked by one to play; and Barret, who stood by, said, he need not fear any thing at his house, where crown whist was the utmost risk any ever ran in it; gentlemen betted, however, what they pleased. Frederick said, "Drunk as I am I have not forgot the very good advice you gave me yesterday,

terday, colonel;—I say—I say—what was I saying?—upon which he flounced into a chair in a way between a sitting down and a tumble, and Barret observed, loud enough for him to hear, that "they had overdone him." "I can't distinguish a club from a spade," said Frederick, continuing to mutter half as it were to himself, "no, nor a di'mond from a heart, nor a five from a seven, not I, as I was saying"—— Upon which they left him talking to himself, and all sat down to play. Frederick, no longer pressed to take cards, arose, and placing himself behind the young nobleman's chair, detected one at his table in a little slight of hand who was Barret's partner in a game at whist: he waited a little, and saw it repeated at a very important point of the game, and the young nobleman, who, though he was playing for crowns, had betted hundreds, upon the game being ended, gave Colonel Barret a check on his banker for a thousand

pounds.

pounds. Frederick then took Barret aside, who was astonished to find him got sober on a sudden, and told him if the check were not instantly returned to the young nobleman, he would certainly tell him what sort of folks he had played at cards with. Barret put on a strange face, and stood it out at first for the honour of his partner, but soon found it would not do, for, finding Barret still to hold back, Frederick took him aside and told him what he had seen, and would swear to, if need were. Barret, fearing a disturbance, for he knew what had been done as well as Frederick, instantly returned the check to the young nobleman, and said to Frederick that he could not be expected to be answerable for people's principles, but that the gentleman, whose partner he had the honour to be, was a man of fashion and fortune, and received on the best foot by all the west end of the town.

CHAPTER VII.

Frederick leaves England in a great fright—three sweet young Ladies introduced—Cupid bends his Bow, and Love Affairs begin.—The pen sometimes in the hands of Old Comical, and sometimes in the hands of the Solid Gentleman.

PEOPLE stare sometimes, and gape, in order to see the better—and, certainly, the more holes a man opens the more light he must needs let into his body: and that is the reason why, when folks stare, they gape with their mouths wide open at the same time: Now the young nobleman, that came, like a cushion, under the bottom of the last chapter, opened his eyes and his mouth at the sight of his check upon his banker for one thousand pounds coming back again from the colonel. It sometimes happens upon a sudden surprise, that the first thing a man does is to fall into a great passion—"What the

the devil d'ye mean, sir," said the young nobleman to the colonel, "what the devil d'ye mean by returning me my check? d'ye think I mean to give you a false piece of paper?" The colonel hesitated and said, something had happened in the course of the last rubber which had disannulled the whole thing, and though his lordship had not observed it, he conceived himself, nevertheless, in honour bound to return him his money; upon which his lordship made his bow and left the room with a very exalted opinion of the colonel's honour.

Frederick, notwithstanding the gay scenes in which he had been engaged for four or five months in the gayest city in the world, and at the same time the most innocent, felt his brother's murder lie like a coal of fire on his heart; for the false intelligence which his mistress had communicated, had, as yet, met with no contradiction. It was natural enough in him to suppose

pose that the hounds were out and beating for him, and though they had not as yet got scent of him, they might at a time when he was the least prepared to make his escape, and he might come, without any other accident, except breaking his neck, to the gallows; and, though no inquiries had been made in London after him, he took it into his head that he was in great danger, by the help of his conscience and some trivial circumstances which he construed in the wrong way: feeling himself therefore not quite so much at his ease in England as he thought he might be in some other place, he told his friend the colonel that he had intelligence of the man whom he fought being dead of his wounds, and had come to a determination to leave England as soon as possible, for he was sure, from some very aggravating circumstances in his case, store of which he invented and put off upon the colonel for truths, that if he were taken he should

should most assuredly be hanged for murder: now it so fell out that the colonel too, for some reasons, was not best pleased with his situation in England just at that time, so Frederick and the colonel, with another friend, whose name was Dogger, took ship and went to France, and Frederick's mistress went with them to Paris to see the fashions.

When folks have any great news to tell, and their friends happen to be at a great distance, they will be apt sometimes to write letters. Now it came to pass that Dr. Remnant and the philosopher were both of one mind in this matter, and took it into their heads that their thoughts might be for once worth a penny, so down sat the philosopher at Merton, and down sat Dr. Remnant at Christchurch college with pen in hand to tell the good people in the north what a thing had been done in the University.—Why not sat down? The adverb is here put before the verb,

verb, reader, for the greater nobility of period.—The same post brought both their letters to the castle, and the very moment the contents were read Mr. and Mrs. Decastro felt as if their hearts were dipped in cold water.

Now it so fell out that Old Comical had just drawn ten quarters of oats from Old Crab's farm to the castle stables for Mr. Decastro's horses, and was going home with the empty waggon, when Mr. Decastro called to him out of the castle window with a loud voice, "John Mathers! John Mathers! John Mathers!" whereupon Old Comical answered and said, "Here am I." "Shoot off one of your horses, John," quoth the impatient gentleman, "and gallop away to the farm, and tell my brother he must come to us this moment!" whereupon Old Comical laid hold upon his waistband with both his hands, and, pulling up his breeches, jumped upon Nimrod, the fore horse of his team, and off he went upon a full

gallop to Old Crab's farm.—Now the reason why Old Comical took Nimrod,* was because the horse had taken a dose of physic that morning, and wisely, for, being in haste, he wanted something to move his horse.

The Solid Gentleman took the pen out of Old Comical's hand at this time, and proceeded as followeth:—

Mr. Bartholomew Decastro was at his dinner when honest John Mathers came in with the message; he arose, however, immediately, and made the best of his way to the castle, and the dreadful news from Oxford was laid before him: Old Crab was reading the letters, when the butler brought a large parcel into the room directed to Mr. Decastro. If people are very much engaged in one thing, another may go a-begging: the parcel lay

* *Scholium.*

took Nimrod.]—We suspect an hiatus in this place: It is great neglect in our historians else, not to tell us in whose care Old Comical left his waggon and the rest of his team.

some

some time without any notice being had of it, when Mrs. Decastro, glancing her eye upon the direction, saw it to be the handwriting of Acerbus, commonly called the philosopher: she cut the strings of the parcel, and, taking off the cover, found it to contain a great book with two round holes bored, or punched, in one of the lids of it. Old Crab, upon this, opened the book, which proved to be a large folio edition of Plato's works, and following the two holes which were made in it, leaf by leaf, came at last to the two bullets which had been shot and lodged in the middle of the book: this matter had, of course, been fully explained in the letters; but it added very much to the shock which this dreadful intelligence had given to Mr. and Mrs. Decastro. Poor Mrs. Decastro wept sadly, and Mr. Decastro and his brother held a long talk upon this terrible matter: what courses they resolved upon in regard to Frederick will be seen hereafter.

(Old Comical at work again.)—— When a man sits down to dinner and casts his eyes all over the table without finding one dish to his liking, what tongue, what pen, what pencil can describe the feelings of his soul! poor soul! poor soul! poor soul!—What! no fish to-day? no, sir, no fish to be got in the market:—the devil take the market!—The devil take the book, cry the ladies, for we can find no love in it: what can we do with the ladies? they are never content unless they get to kissing, liquorish toads! more shame for them! shame!—what shame? kissing was the very end for which they were made, and, pray, what thing was ever made to any shameful end? folks may be more nice than wise: if people would take shame in the right place it would be much better for them, be a little better economists of their blushes, and not blush so much in wrong places as not to have so much as one blush left for the right! What! no shame in kissing? no—no shame at

all,

all, if you kiss your husband, madam, or your lover whom you mean to make one: but if you kiss another woman's husband, which you do every day without blushing at all about the matter, that is a very great shame, and to our grief we have not got such a kiss as that in all our history: a word in your ear, madam—you cannot kiss too much in the right place nor too little in the wrong:—Now as for blushing, a lady may blush without being ashamed; nay, she may even be ashamed to blush, and blush for fear she should be seen to blush, for some blushes are very impudent things: Now as kissing and blushing are coming, it falls in this place to say, that folks may kiss and no harm done, yea, and blush too, and yet be very modest: and this, because an archbishop may be reading our history to the ladies, and George, all on a sudden, catch Julia by her waist and kiss her —and what of that if Old Crab hath published the banns of marriage be-

 tween

tween them? This is a very fiery subject, reader; it is enough to burn a man's pen in his hand: Kempius —the man was surely made of ice— Kempius put every sort of kiss that ever was, or could be, given in the world into a book, and wrote at least eight hundred pages upon this branch of electricity:—a very grave man— his picture is put in the front of his book, and his band, and his beard together, hang down to his smallclothes. To return to blushing—a bad man will blush as much at being detected by his friends in doing a good thing, as a good man if he be detected in doing a bad one. Adzooks! when things are sorted, how many will be found virtuous and innocent for which we have been heartily ashamed, how many vicious and infamous for which we have applauded ourselves and others!

Old Crab, as we believe we have already stated in some one of our foregoing pages, had ten children, of which death took the nine parts and left the

tenth for the poor clergyman; it was Julia, a beautiful young woman, who was now grown to be eighteen years of age; she was a fair girl with blue eyes, rosy face, and flaxen hair: bred in rustic innocence, Julia milked Old Crab's cows, and had the care of his dairy, at Oaken Grove farm: Now, reader, such a thing hath been known under the sun, that where there has been only one child both father and mother must needs join their forces to be the ruin of it, and, let its disposition be what it may, will not hold their hands until they have utterly spoiled it—but such was not the case with Julia, who was made of the very best wax, and shone as bright as a candle in a silver save-all: the most inveterate parents could scarce have spoiled her if they would, unless, when she wanted the snuffers, they had put an extinguisher over her head and ears. This being the case, what might be expected from such a father as Old Crab, and so excellent a mother as

 Mrs.

Mrs. B. Decastro? why a thing pushed as near to perfection as a thing kneaded out of the four frail elements could be. But we must be economists, for, having two other very nice girls to bring forward, if we lay out all upon Julia, we shall have not a penny left to spend upon the magnificent Genevieve, or the charming Lady Charlotte Orby: but having just announced their names by way of introduction to the reader, we shall go on with Julia a little way, and come to them afterwards. Nota bene, fair reader, we have not been to heaven and brought down a nest of angels with us to put all the female excellence and beauty in the world out of countenance—no such thing—Julia, for instance, is no more than what you may be if you please, if you are a beauty; indeed it is not impossible for you to excel her in her better part, if you are not, for beauty stands very much in a woman's way, and is no little impediment to her improvement:

no,

no, you will find no lady in this our history without a fault: women in romances are usually angels with their wings cut off—no—no such things here: Julia, you will find, is a very good girl, and very handsome, but we must be content with that for the present: George Grove was, it seems, for he was very much in love with her; but as she was bred low, and, what was worse, was low in pocket too, his rich friends could not be brought to be of his mind. George was an intimate friend of Acerbus the philosopher, was a brother collegian, and they always came home together at the vacations; and, although he was very fond of his friend's company, he had another reason for coming to Oaken Grove; for as the way to it lay near Old Crab's farm-house, and indeed ran through some of his meadows, he very often found Julia, by accident perhaps, in it or near it, frequently with her milk-pail on her arm, for whether the grass

 was

was sweeter which grew near the road, or whether the trees which grew by the side of it afforded a more pleasant shade, or for what other reason, the cows were always seen to graze and shelter there rather than any where else, and when Julia went a-milking she must go where the cows were to be found, she could not help that, and so it happened that she was within a little distance of the said road almost every morning and every evening, and that too, which was a little strange, more especially during the vacations; but this may be accounted for, the cows must know where the best grass was to be had during the vacations: and so by this odd accident it was impossible for George to take an evening walk on purpose to see his friend without stumbling over Julia, who lay so much in his way, and all the fault of the cows, that got directly into George's path whether Julia would or not, and she must milk them where

she

she could find them, for her mother would have been angry with her, and her father too, if she had come home with an empty pail, and said she was afraid to milk the cows because they had got close to the road side: and as for George he was forced to come that way for there was no other, and he could not help seeing the pretty Julia, because he had two very fine eyes, and could see Julia a long way off; but there was no need to strain his eyes, for he always knew well enough where to find her, and when she heard his foot she would look round, and who could help it when a footstep is heard behind one? Now it so fell out, one fine summer evening, as George was walking along in great haste to see his friend, and indeed he had been invited by Mr. and Mrs. Decastro to come and drink tea at the castle, for they were very fond of George, and so he was forced to go, it so fell out, as we were a-saying, that on the said fine

summer eve, as he was taking the said walk, being invited as aforesaid, that just as he came to a broad-headed oak he espied Julia sitting under it upon her milking-stool, for she had milked the cows some time, to rest herself perhaps, close to the road-side; for people want a little rest after fatigue, and more especially the fatigue of milking, so there was nothing unnatural in Julia's wanting a little rest after the same; so taking her milking-stool, and getting under a tree close to the road-side, she sat down upon it out of the sun, for the sun was hot, and a shady tree close to the road side was very agreeable—now George, out of fun perhaps, stole up to the tree upon the turf, which kept his approach a secret, for it made no noise, and as Julia's back was towards him she knew nothing at all about the matter—not she—how should she, unless she could have seen behind her? and what a pity it is Nature had not made some such

provision

provision for the ladies, falling in the way as they do of such dangerous animals! so far indeed their employments are always so innocent that drop upon a lady whenever one will she is never doing any thing to be ashamed of; that is not insinuated, but a man may come softly behind her and catch her by the waist, which is a very shocking thing, and may bring great mischief, more especially if she happen to be fond of him, for that makes matters ten times worse: this was just the case with Julia, see what a sad disaster came of it:—she had a taste for drawing likenesses, and had got her pencil and a bit of skin in her hands, and took it into her head to try her skill upon George Grove, which was very idle, when she should have carried her milk home and set it in pans for creaming: Now it came to pass that George, who stood under the body of the tree close behind her, poked out his nose over her shoulder as she sat

taking

taking the aforesaid liberties with his person, to see what she was piddling about, and casting his eyes upon Julia's skin saw his own image on it, and knew it in a moment: and if he had not known his own body when he saw it, Julia had got such a trick of talking to herself—will the ladies' tongues never lie quiet in their mouths?—Julia had got such a trick of talking to herself that she would soon have told him what charming youth her fingers were making so free with: "O fie!" said she, rubbing out a limb, "Mr. George Grove has a prettier leg than that a great deal! good gracious, what a mouth I have made him; I vow and declare his lips are the sweetest part of his face! heigh-ho for the heart ache! and heigh-ho for a husband to cure it!—these bits of things are no more like Mr. George Grove's delicious eyes, than two holes in an old wall are like them! O dear! I am afraid I am a very wicked thing, for I never

looked

looked at Mr. George Grove's eyes in my life but I always wanted to kiss them!"—George could stand his ground no longer, and some may think it a little marvellous that he could so long, but leaped from behind the tree, for he had heard all she said, and caught Julia in his arms, who was darting away, and she sunk upon his bosom just for all the world as if she had fainted away upon it!—Now all this comes of unguarded moments, and folks not caring to examine their ground before they lay themselves open in such a shocking manner. Faint away! she be hanged! she took care to keep all her senses about her, and she acted with great prudence while she was in the arms of the man she loved. Enough and to spare had already passed between George and Julia to tell each other what was the matter with both, but George had not declared his passion for the beautiful milk-maid before this evening, which

which he now did while he had such a good opportunity to press her upon the subject: what a patient creature a woman is, when the man she likes gets hold of her! George asked her leave ten times over to make his love known to her father and mother: perhaps she liked to hear him repeat the solicitation and some kind things that came along with it, for she was silent just as if she could not talk to George as well as to herself: "Give me a smile, Julia," said he, looking into her face, "if you consent:" she could hold no longer, but dropt her soft blue eyes upon a cowslip that grew at her feet and smiled. Old Crab, who had come to look for Julia, having outstaid her usual time, walked behind the tree without being seen, as was like enough, for the lovers were so much engaged that he had scarce been observed if he had galloped to the oak on horseback, heard and saw all that passed, and how could he choose as he stood close be-
hind

hind them? Julia presently arose and took her pail, and said, she must begone, or her father might come to look for her, and she thought she should die if he came and found them together; so George carried her pail for her to the first stile, for she was afraid to let him come too near the house for fear he should be seen with her, and took his leave. Old Crab kept his eyes upon them till they parted, and then made the best of his way to Hindermark, took George's father aside, and imparted his discovery to him: "Master Grove," quoth he, "your son is in love with my wench—I came just now into the milk-house grounds to see what kept the jade so long a-milking, and found them sitting together under the great oak, as it is called, and hiding myself behind the body of the tree I heard your son make his proposals to her: now look you, Master Grove, to be plain with you, I have no objection to your son George, he is a good lad and

and always was, but I have to his great expectations :—he is your only son and will come in for great possessions ; my girl is a poor wench, and, if any marry her, a man must be content to find no more than a thimble, a housewife, and a few halfpence in her pocket ; so, look you, master Grove, if you like the thing should go on, well and good, if not, you look to your son, and I'll look to my daughter." Upon which Old Crab walked home, told his wife the story, and said that he had reason to think George's father was not best pleased at the news: upon which he took his wench, as he called her, into his study and gave her as much good advice as could come in an hour's talking. Poor Julia was sadly frightened when she found that her father knew everything, and as much astonished at his knowledge, for how he could come by it she could not think for her life: she saw that he had come by it, however, and the worst of it too, so she made

made no scruple to answer all his questions but one, and that was, if she were in love with George? for when her father asked her that she was silent, and fell a-crying. Poor Julia! she had seen so much of George, and so many little tendernesses and fond things had passed between them before he declared his love, that he had long ago broken into her bosom, a thief! and stolen her heart out of it. Old Crab saw well enough how matters stood with her, and fell to admonish her to get the better of her attachment to one so much her superior in fortune; for, although George's father said but little, he, from that little, could easily collect his mind upon the thing; and though she were come of as good a family as George, no matter for that, for money put in all the difference: He was much pleased with the artless innocence with which Julia answered all the questions put to her, and her promises to do every thing which her papa and mamma should

should bid her do, and, calling her a good wench, said, she might go to her work: and so she did, and cried till it was time to go a-milking. As soon as Old Crab left Hindermark Mr. Grove took his son into the garden, and questioned him where he had been and what he had been doing that evening? He said he had drank tea at Oaken Grove with his friend Acerbus. "Who were at the castle?" said Mr. Grove. George said that there were no visitors there but himself. "Tell me the names of every body you have seen this evening," said Mr. Grove. George wondered a little at a question which he had never been asked upon a like occasion, for he frequently dined and drank tea at the castle without being asked any questions at all:—he said, Mr. and Mrs. Decastro, Miss De Roma, Acerbus, and his aunt, were the only persons whom he had met at the castle. Did he meet any body on his walk? "Dear sir," said George, "I cannot think why

you

you are so particular—yes, I met several persons on my walk to the castle." "Who were they?" "Why," said George, "I met Mr. Decastro's park-keeper, one of the game-keepers, the butler with a basket of mushrooms, and Miss De Roma's maid." "Any body else?" George hesitated, and said, "yes, I believe I did—but why do you ask, sir?" "No matter," whispered Mr. Grove—"there is one person whom I know you met, whose name you have not said." George changed colour a little, and replied, "O dear, yes, I met Miss Julia—I well remember now, with her milk-pail on her arm—have you seen her this evening, or how came you to know that I met her?" "No," said Mr. Grove, "I have not seen her this evening, but I know very well that you have seen her, George, and it is a wonder that you did not recollect it before." "Dear sir," said George, "one cannot call to mind in a moment what indifferent

persons

persons one meets on a walk, especially when one does not expect to be asked to give such a minute account." "Indifferent persons!" said Mr. Grove; "one may not recollect indifferent persons in a moment, but persons not indifferent, but engaging, one does not so easily forget." "Engaging, sir!" said George, "what can you mean by engaging?" "Why," said Mr. Grove in a whisper, "is it possible one should meet on one's walk such a beautiful girl as Miss Julia Decastro, with her milk-pail on her arm, and all her rustic charms about her, and sooner recollect having met a game-keeper, or—a park-keeper, or—a lady's maid—than such a lovely young woman? You must be made of stone, George." "No, indeed sir, I am not made of stone," said he with a deep blush: "Indeed, sir, I don't think you are," quoth Mr. Grove, "or, if you were, I think your stone must all be melted when you sit, and talk with Julia, and make love to her

under

under the great oak, George." "I make love to Julia!" said George in a great flutter—" who ever could tell you such a thing, sir? I am sure, sir—I am sure, sir—hem, hem—I am sure, sir, I don't know what great oak you mean, sir—there are a great many great oaks in Mr. Decastro's grounds."—" Yes," said Mr. Grove, " you must have made a great deal of love if you have made love under them all, George." Poor George was so confounded that he hardly knew where he was, or what he said." Upon this Mr. Grove made George sit by him on a garden seat, and, putting his mouth close to his son's ear, communicated a whisper into it that lasted two hours: the sum of which was, that such a poor girl as Julia was by no means a fit match for one of his expectations; to her family there could lie no objection, being related to very many great folks, but as her father was no more than a rack-rent tenant under his brother, and had nothing

thing which he could call his own besides his little savings and his small living, the disparity was so great between him and Julia, whom he very much praised, that the connexion could not be thought of: and farther, he had the daughter of a nobleman in his eye with whom he could be sure of an alliance, having already felt his ground upon it, but it were time and time enough yet for so very young a man to think about a wife, or his father for him: he made up his conclusion with very many praises on George, whom he called a very good and a very dutiful child, and hoped he should find him continue so in this instance. Upon which he arose and left George upon the garden seat wrapped in deep meditation: and there he would have sat all night if the butler had not been sent to call him in to supper. George arose early the next morning, and as his father had not laid any special injunctions on him which way he were to walk,

he took it into his head to make the best of his way to the cow-pastures, where, early as he was, he found Julia had milked half a dozen cows and carried home almost as many pails of milk before he got there. The cow which she happened to be milking when George came into the grounds, for Julia saw him, by some accident, the moment he came to the stile, would not stand to the pail, but for some reason or other, kept edging away until the old hussy had edged herself out of the sight of the house; it was too early in the morning for the flies to sting her, but notwithstanding, whether Julia stuck pins into her, or for what other reason, one of the quietest milkers on the farm was very full of the fidgets that morning, and would not stand to be milked until she got among the trees, and Julia was fain to follow the old toad, with her pail in one hand, and her milking-stool on the other, until she came up to George Grove, and then she stood

 quiet

quiet enough, for he held a bough for her to browse while Julia milked her, and that was what she was running after: for George was very kind to the cows, and had use to kiss them and feed them while Julia was a-milking. Julia turned her face away when George came near to hide a pretty blush, and, luckily, Old Rose, the cow, was quiet all on a sudden, so she sat down and began to milk her. George then told her every thing which had passed between himself and his father, and expressed his wonder how his father could have come to a knowledge of what were only known, as he thought, to themselves: Julia, having a good opportunity to hide her face in the cow's side as she was milking, told George that her father had, by some means or other, become acquainted with what passed between them the last time they met in the meadows, and she was apt to think that he had communicated what he knew to

Mr. Grove: George had no doubt of the thing, having heard that Old Crab had been at Hindermark, but how he could know what he knew, surpassed every guess they could make. Julia was now become more afraid to stay in the meadows than she used to be, so as soon as she had milked she hurried home, but not before she had been prevailed upon to meet George in the meadows at a less suspicious time of day, excusing her absence at home to carry some wood-strawberries to the castle, of which Mr. Decastro was very fond. George waited some time at the appointed place, which was a little copse at the corner of a meadow, when Julia presently made her appearance, and they retired to a very secret place in the grove together: George took Julia's hand, and they sat down upon a bank of soft moss at the foot of a shady elm, which, like the lord of the

 place,

place, had taken possession of a good circuit of ground, and kept the lesser shrubs at an awful distance. Now a long conversation took place between the lovers, full of innocence and simplicity, for they were both very young, and thought it a very odd thing that made them so fond of each other: their talk ran much upon their mutual affection, and their duty to their parents, and great grief it was that it opposed their love; they both agreed that if they disobeyed their parents that they were sure to be very miserable, and though they could meet in the place where they sat, every day, they could never be happy when they knew that they should not be allowed to do so, if the thing were known: Fathers and mothers, and duty and obedience, fly, like moths, about Love's torch, and at last into it and get burned to death:—George and Julia came often to this place, but not at milking time, for fear of Old Crab; and if any thing were like to prevent either

either from keeping the appointment a note was to be left for the other under a large stone which George took out of a little brook which ran by the foot of the great elm; the castle-tower-clock now struck two, which gave Julia warning to get home in time for dinner, which would be in half an hour, and, after a little coyness, she permitted George to kiss her lips, and they parted.

We have run a little too far into this love affair in this chapter, but must stand our ground here to make good our promise at the beginning of it, and in order to it shall turn our style to Genevieve, and proceed to give some further account of her; and first of her fortune; a matter of prime importance, for, to do justice to the wisdom of the world, when a woman is first seen in it the first question that is asked is, "How much money is she worth?" In answer to which we have already said that her father left her all his pro-

perty, for she was the only child that lived, and that amounted to a vast sum of money; which, by the careful government of Old Crab her guardian, had bred like a rabbit. The Berkshire estate which, as it may be recollected, he bought of his brother for her use, was very improvable, and he had done so well in it as to add one-fourth part to its value; but he got little credit for his pains, inasmuch as he himself standing in reversion to all his niece's property, in case of her death under age, the world was so good as to say that he had one eye to himself and one to his ward: "What the plague is the world to me," quoth Old Crab; "it can give me nothing that I want, and can take nothing that I care one farthing for away; I had rather be cursed than praised by what deserves rather to be cursed than praised; if there were no honest man to be damned there would be no use for a set of rascals; as long as I have their ill word they shall have

my

my thanks."—But to return to Genevieve:—as few women ever had more money, so certainly few women ever wanted less: and, indeed, having fixed her affections on a very sensible young man, she fell into despair of ever getting an offer from him upon account of these her large possessions, and wished herself poor in order to save his credit in an offer. Genevieve was now nineteen years of age, and was archly called by Old Comical, from her size, a *great* beauty; she was, indeed, six feet high, but, at the same time, so very large as not to appear to be so tall, but her form was without a fault if her size were no fault,—one of her most singular properties, very singular in a woman, and may be thought by some to be no beauty, was her prodigious strength; if the word incredible be put instead of prodigious, some, perhaps, will be better contented, and indeed we had been as glad to have passed the mention of it, and staked no credit on it,

 had

had not some passages in our history made such mention necessary: and if the wonderful examples of it soon to be recorded be disbelieved we cannot help it, though, indeed, we cannot see what interest or advantage can come from telling untruths. In regard to her beauty, we will not say that no woman was ever so handsome, we think we may safely say however none were ever more so: her complexion was the finest of brunettes, her hair and eyes were as black as jet, her nose Grecian, lips full, and mouth beautifully formed, teeth very neatly set and very white, her eyes far apart, very bright and sparkling at times, at others suffused with a tender moisture which quenched their fires; when she was serious there was a severe majesty in her countenance which occasioned a little too much awe, but when she smiled there was so much sweetness in it as no pencil, much less, perhaps, any pen can give an adequate idea of. At the age of fifteen she

was

was taken from school, and had gone annually to town with Mrs. Decastro and Mr. Grove's family, and this in obedience to her father's will and directions; she had been introduced to all places of fashionable resort in London; and to most, if not all, the families and houses of distinguished people: so much money and so much beauty could not fail of much notice; she soon had many lovers, and many offers, of which in their places due regard will be had. Genevieve was a woman of very strong passions, and, though much tamed and broken by good education, and laid under moral check, and timely restraint, by the excellent advice of her guardian, these wild horses of the soul would plunge and prance at times and break their harness: She was much attached to the country, and always went to London against her will—an odd humour in such a young woman as Genevieve, who had so much shining stuff about

her: and strange it was that so great a beauty cared so little to be seen! It might, however, in some sort be accounted for by her love of country amusements, and rustic occupations, one of which was working on her uncle's farm, to which her great strength was not ill suited; and, further, from her having fixed her affections on a young gentleman who resided altogether in the country: that "further," some will say, has a stronger pull than all the rest pulling together: well, they that understand pulls ought to be judges. No woman ever had so much beauty that made less pride of it; none ever attired herself to so much advantage with so little finery; none ever exerted herself so much against herself, and whether she held her beauty cheap because she had so much of it, cannot be said, but she set so little store by it as rather to put it, with her money, amongst her encumbrances than her advantages: why so? because she was

jealous

jealous of both, and thought her understanding between them could get no credit: give a woman money and beauty, and let her either do or say a foolish thing if she can. This was a strange whim of Genevieve's, to fall out with those very things that never fail to bring every perfection of human nature along with them: but she had set her heart upon pleasing a philosopher; what odd things women take in their heads! she had set her heart upon pleasing a philosopher, and that was the reason why she ran mad. But it was not altogether Genevieve's fault, for Old Crab had lent a helping hand to turn the woman's brains by putting a parcel of queer notions into her head that seldom or ever came into a woman's head before: she was certainly a woman of great accomplishment and elegance, and how could she be otherwise, bred at one of the best schools in town, and introduced by her aunt, Mrs. Decastro, into the first and best

societies? what the devil had Old Crab to do with teaching a woman of fashion the Latin language? But it gave such a furtherance to a right understanding of the Italian, French and English, that Genevieve studied it with great assiduity.—If a woman of fashion cannot count her own fingers what signifies that? Old Crab must needs teach his ward Genevieve arithmetic, and she took it into her head to be very fond of it, and no bill for any sort of work, or thing, came amiss to her; she could cast it as well as a tradesman, and better too, sometimes, as some found to their no little confusion. Old Crab would not let her alone yet; she had a very fine property both in land and money, and he must needs teach her how to take care of it, instruct her in the laws which concerned and protected it, and put her in a way to do that for herself which her sex are fain to call in a rogue of the other to do for them.

Here follows some account of Lady Charlotte Orby.—She was the only child of the Earl of Budemere, a school-fellow and intimate friend of Genevieve. None are intimate friends, some say, that are not of like principles, we shall take our advantage, however, of an exception to say, that it is just possible for some folks to be in the wrong; but they will shoot out their lips at us even then and tell us that there is no exception without an exception: what a slippery thing the tongue is!—No pains or expense had been spared in the education of the accomplished Lady Charlotte Orby—she was so polished that she had no one rough thing about her—no—nothing that the file or the chissel had not touched—she was a diamond of the first water: such a combination, such an harmony of graces rarely met in one woman: the gold lay thick upon her gingerbread: the best of every thing had been picked out for her, and

and the question was not what an elegance cost but where it might be had? The best masters of every art were called, and when they saw the beauty and excellence of the materials they went to work with great readiness, as they soon found they were like enough to get credit for their pains. Lady Charlotte had a very fine person, a superior intellect, and a beautiful face: but as the education of women takes little care of any thing but the outside, that of Lady Charlotte, it is true, was made to shine, it had every ornament that could be crowded upon it; but the inside of this charming woman was left to shift for itself: she was a shrewd hussy and knew very well what she wanted when all her masters were discharged, and never paid a bill without putting it into the hands of her friend Genevieve to see if it were cast up rightly. She was extremely cunning, cool when others were warm, though herself of

a warm

a warm constitution, could conceal her inclinations by making no secret of them which brought them into doubt: none knew where to lie in wait for her, she would fall into any toils to chuse, for it was always her aim to pass herself off for a fool: She used to say that every body did not know all the advantages of being a fool; and indeed the sense she had of her deficiencies was no mean part in her; some she supplied by her own industry and concealed others by telling what none would believe from her manner of telling, by which she put a good countenance upon asking for instruction; yes, a good face upon asking for instruction. When her education was finished, which cost her father upwards of two thousand pounds, she could not count her own fingers twice together without making a false reckoning of it: she therefore found that she was much to seek for arithmetic, and if her friend Gene-

vieve

vieve were not at hand to help her out, she was e'en forced to pay her bills and trust her creditors for their honesty; thus, not knowing if a bill were right or wrong, she never paid one with any satisfaction unless her friend, who was a good accomptant, was at her elbow: "Jenny," said she, "do teach me some accounts, or I shall be cheated and laughed at as long as I live:" Genevieve agreed, and Lady Charlotte soon was made mistress of as much arithmetic as she was ever like to want, and when once she got hold of it she never lost it, for she was so fond of it that she was always a-summing. Her education cost upwards of two thousand pounds it is true, but she knew nothing about threading a needle, and the sly baggage picked out of Julia all she wanted in this way, and could make a gown, a cap or a petticoat, and scandal has not stuck to say that her ladyship could mend a stocking! she picked

up

up a good deal of religion out of her uncle Old Crab, but she kept it a secret for fear of getting laughed at by some of her acquaintance. Some country folks may ask what sort of school she could be put to not to be taught these things, and religion especially? school! why one of the best to be sure where such things are not expected, for how can people teach what they know nothing at all about themselves? Then she never went to church for fear of getting laughed at? yes, she might do that without being thought religious, any, who would be thought to have a taste for music and beautiful language may very well go to church, without being suspected of any queer notions:—Lady Charlotte certainly went to a very high school, and lost no time in picking up a great deal of low cunning in it, by which she brought the very existence of the man whom she loved into danger: she was a sprightly one, and very fond of

fun,

fun, trick, and merriment, but she not only kept all her secrets to herself, but even that of having any secrets at all to keep. Genevieve loved her with all her oddities, and would have loved her as well as she loved the pretty milk-maid Julia, if she had used her friend with a little more generosity: she had another fault, she looked very sharp after her money, and, though she had fifty thousand pounds in fortune, would make her own caps, gowns, and petticoats; she said there was not only great independence in it, but she best knew her own proportions. We are not sure if our readers will like her ladyship, more especially when we add that she was a first rate beauty: she said she was glad that she was a beauty because she had a better chance to get the man she loved, and such a cunning baggage could scarcely miss of any, for she had a thousand kittenish tricks and artful wiles, and seldom failed to carry her point, when none

knew

knew where she was at work. But this shall content us for this chapter, so put your spectacles by, old lady, and we will give you another relish presently.

CHAPTER VIII.

How Genevieve was introduced at Court—some Account of her Lovers—one of which was Baron Rump, a fat man of great consequence because a great deal came behind him.

NOTWITHSTANDING the contempt in which the high and exalted mind of Mrs. Decastro held the gay world and all its pretty playthings, she duly paid an annual visit to London at the very time when every body is there, being willing, it seemed, to double her hands upon it, have the credit of being above it, and enjoy it at the same time. Mr. Decastro was paying his wife some compliments one day, and, while he was oiling her ear, Old Crab came in, "John," quoth he, rising upon his toes and putting his hands into his breeches' pockets as his manner was, "John," quoth he, "what art at?" "I was only casting up my wife's

wife's good qualities, brother Bat," said Mr. Decastro, "that's all." "They are soon reckoned, John," quoth Old Crab, "you'll make no blunder there if you can count three." "She is a prize in the lottery," said Mr. Decastro, a very great prize, she has twenty thousand virtues, brother Bat." "Twenty-thousand fools heads!" quoth Old Crab; "the woman is more like a lottery taken altogether; a little bit of paper stuck on a post holds all the prizes, but where the devil will they find a wall broad enough to hold all the blanks? Brother John," quoth Old Crab, "thou art an ass." Mrs. Decastro, however, to give her her due, made a great merit of her temperance in gay matters, and always left London when she was tired of it, which is more than many fine ladies can do who get in and cannot get out again, and for this reason, viz. they are such precious things that folks get hold of them and lock them up, just

as

as they do their jewels, and will not part with them for a trifle. No fear of locking up, however, in Mrs. Decastro's case, not but what she was a jewel—no—not but what she was a jewel, for Mr. Decastro allowed her a princely sum of money, the guineas chimed in Mrs. Decastro's pockets like bells in a belfry—rung a glorious peal—*noli me tangere*, quoth she to the constable! She made her appearance in town again in a mode of splendour suitable to her husband's fortune and dignity, and, a saucy jade! went to Lady St. Clair's masquerade with a butter-basket in her hand; every body had heard the story, and a great many wished her and her butter at the devil: she was as full of malice as a scorpion, and some had rather been stung by fifty than seen Mrs. Decastro blazing away again, like the sun without a cloud. Adsbobs! but we have forgot Genevieve; fathers and mothers get so fond of their

their daughters that they are never content until they show them to the king and queen, a gang of homely minxes not worth a beggar's looking on; Genevieve rose upon the court like the morning star in the forehead of the east; her aunt, Mrs. Decastro, introduced her there when she was but eighteen years of age. Now Genevieve, being the daughter of a Jew, put folks very much in mind of money and not without good cause, for she had a thundering pocket: it was more like a great hop-bag than any thing else, and crammed with money till it was ready to burst: her fortune was given out by Mrs. Decastro at one hundred thousand pounds and no lie told, no, no lie told—her aunt was rather under the mark than over it. Adrabbit it! how the men came about her! the very devil himself had no chance! The first cavalier who made his bows to her was the Honourable Mr. H. a young man bred

in

in high life with a small fortune and large desires; Genevieve refused him, seeing that he had at least as many eyes fixed on her fortune as herself: indeed she detected him in the thing, and gave him such a rebuke to his face that he quitted the room one day in no small confusion, and that was his death blow: "Sir," said she, showing him an intercepted letter, "my money in the funds, and my estate in Berkshire, shall not be my rivals in any one's affections," and, making Mr. H. a very low curtsey, she left him to his meditations. "So, brother," said Lord Delamere to Mr. H. "the thing is off between you and Miss De Roma?" "Upon my soul," said Mr. H. "I had cursed bad luck in that business." "A man may cast a die, then?" said his lordship. "Cast as many as you will," said Mr. H. "I shall see her no more; after what has happened I had as lief see the devil: go on and prosper, my lord, I have done with her. Whereupon

upon his lordship made Genevieve his visit, bows and speeches, in vain, for she turned up her nose at all three, told his lordship that time was precious, and bade him not waste his upon her. Now his lordship stuck to her petticoats like a bur, but she was in no such sticking humour, forasmuch as the heat of his lordship's passion could not melt her wax, and so, as we were a-saying, she could not be brought to stick, or, to come back to the bur, for polite authors always take their leave of their metaphors and similes, seem sorry to part, and the like, and never kick them out of doors in a moment—now, as we are here alive, we have forgot what we were going to say about the bur! so good Mr. Bur, many thanks for coming in by way of simile, we hope your brothers and sisters are well, and wish you health and happiness.—Ahem—where the devil are we? O—we were talking about my lord—and Gene-

vieve's petticoats, yes he stuck to them like a bur, until it came to pass one day that his lordship made a dash at Genevieve's hand, snapt at it, videlicet, as a dog snaps at a bit of raw meat, not that Genevieve's hand was like a bit of beef, no, we don't mean to say that, forasmuch as it was as white as the hand of a chicken,—his lordship made a dash at it, however, be that as it may, yes, made a dash at it, and openmouthed too—and this in order to kiss it, sweet pretty little thing! But it came all on a sudden slap upon his lordship's face with so much force and rapture that it laid him at full length on the floor. I am astonished at your impertinence, said Genevieve, am willing to hope, however, that you have got enough at my hands not to meddle with such dangerous things again. Now a man in pain is apt to be a little out of humour; his lordship got up with a bloody nose and a sprained shoulder, and said,

"that

" that as far as the knock on the head went, so far he had certainly to thank himself, but the next time he paid his addresses to a virago it should be his fault if he got his skull fractured." Genevieve told him that the next time he came into her room she would take him up in the tongs and put him out at the window. Now there was something very odd in this, for most ladies love to feel a man's lips upon the backside of their hand, but Genevieve could not bear a man to touch her flesh. How strange that was! It was a little unnatural too, for she ought not to have boxed her lover's ears unless he had bit her fingers: his lordship, however, took no further notice of it, and, to tell you a secret, reader, he was very glad it was a woman that struck him, for if he had *turned to*, another blow, if it had fallen perpendicularly upon his pate, would have driven his lordship up to his head in the floor like a nail. Thus ended this matter, and

it was well his lordship survived it. The next that fell at Genevieve's feet was Colonel Barret, whose name the reader is already acquainted with, the same that went into France with Frederick, who, hearing of his lordship's overthrow, made a matter of courage, it would seem, as a soldier, to attack so warlike a lady: for what knocks one man down spurs up another's courage, in battle especially: to proceed, —the colonel was a handsome man, had a very martial air, elegant manners, and a good understanding, and was thought to be not very disagreeable to Genevieve, for she would talk with him at times, which, being a thing she would seldom do with young men in general, he began to count upon it, and, one day, when alone with her, was hardy enough to take the same liberty which had been fatal to Lord Delamere: nothing so highly offended Genevieve as to have any the least liberty taken with her person: the colonel

colonel seized her hand and would have kissed it, when the powerful Genevieve took the colonel up, chair and all together, and dashed him on the floor with so much violence as to break the chair in pieces and bruise him sadly: he jumped up, however, and, hazarding all for the sake of revenge, caught Genevieve round her waist, and, in order to make it the sweeter, the colonel made a gallant push for her lips; Genevieve disengaged herself from him in a moment, and threw him on the floor with his head against the wainscot with such force as to stun him for some time; Mrs. Decastro, hearing a terrible noise, came into the room in great haste, and found Genevieve with her gown torn, and the colonel sprawling at her feet! seeing him to recover, she left the room without speaking one word; indeed, she said, that she was in such a rage that she could not have spoken if she would. As soon as the colonel arose,

 he

he gave Mrs. Decastro a satisfactory account of what had happened, and added, that, although he was to blame in the matter, he would make Genevieve rue the day in which she had given him such usage: and, leaving the room in great wrath, never repeated his visit. After a servant had left the apartment, who had been called to wipe the colonel's blood out of the floor, for the poor gentleman bled sadly, Mrs. Decastro sent a message to her niece, and begged to speak with her. "My dear niece," said she, "if you have any the least desire to get well married and settled in the world this certainly is not the way to it, for no man will risk getting his bones broken for your sake, be your beauty or your fortune what they may: surely a man addressing a lady may take, or may even kiss her hand, it is in the lover's way of business, there is nothing indecent in it, custom bears him out in it, it is a sign of his gallantry,

and

and if he meets with a frown it were much, but certainly it is not a crime to be punished with bloody noses, or broken bones! My dearest niece, what man on earth do you think will ever dare, for the word is not too strong for my purpose, what man do you think will ever dare to marry a woman that gives such earnest as you have given Mr. Barret and Lord Delamere?" "I am sorry," said she, "if I have offended you, my dear aunt, and am willing to beg your pardon on my knees, indeed I am, but I will never endure to be pawed over by these men, it makes me shudder, I cannot bear it, I think I could as soon let a spider, or a toad crawl upon me." "But, my dearest niece," interrupted she, "if you wish to get married, you will see your account in treating all men with civility, or you will find to your cost, that you may deter, amongst the rest, the man whom you could be glad to chuse perhaps, if you

could get an offer. It is good policy in a young woman who has no mind to die an old maid, to part with any she may not like upon civil terms; for, if a man has nothing else of value about him, his good word amongst his own sex is no mean matter, niece, it may help you to the man of your heart when he finds, that if he asks you the question, he will, at all events, be treated with tenderness and feeling, if you cannot grant him any further favours:—I need not say much to you, niece, upon the subject, you have too much good sense to need any more than a hint in this matter. Genevieve looked very serious upon this, thanked her aunt very kindly for her good advice, and they retired to dress for a dinner party. These rencounters, as it were like, set people's tongues in motion, and when one told the thing to another it was asked, emphatically, if he had heard of "the battle?" Genevieve and her aunt dined that day at the

the house of a great person, where they met a great many fine folks, and as soon as they entered the room, "That's she," "There she is," "Here she comes," and other the like notes of admiration were pretty general on all hands. Wheresoever Genevieve appeared the beauty and magnificence of her person attracted universal notice, but she was rather to be gazed and wondered at than to be loved, until one became acquainted with her. It was at the dinner party just named, that she met with Sir Thomas Horsefall, a baronet of good estate and family, who was the next that paid his addresses to Genevieve: for Mrs. Decastro so managed matters as to let it soon be known when, by the departure of one lover, room were made for another: and it was said by some, by way of scandal perhaps, that she wanted to get her niece married and out of her way, for, being still a fine woman herself, she was willing to be

the sun in her own system, wherein such a luminary as Genevieve more than disputed that title with her. Sir Thomas sat next Genevieve at dinner, and gave her to understand that he had heard so much of her beauty that he got invited that day on purpose to to be an eye-witness of it, and added, by way of a very fine thing, that public report, having done the best it could, was fain to leave the eye to help out the ear in the matter: at which piece of eloquence Genevieve laughed so loud as to be heard from one end of the room to the other: this the baronet took for an encomium on his wit and parts, and, after another speech or two equally brilliant, which had the honour to be laughed at in like manner, he thought he had forelaid his ground, got introduced to her aunt upon it, and, after half a score bows and as many grins, broke his love to Mrs. Decastro; who, returning a curtsey for every bow, and a smile for every grin, said, that if her niece would be as

willing

willing to see him as she should be happy in giving his suit every furtherance, his prospect was as good as any man could wish it. But when Sir Thomas was told, as befel in the course of the evening, how the colonel and his bones came off at his last visit, he began to weigh matters between a broken heart and a broken head, whether the one might not be an easier death than the other: but love is apt to blind people, he did not see all his danger, and in a few days mounted his coach-box and paid Genevieve a visit with a four-horse-coach-whip in his hand. Mrs. Decastro had broken the matter to her niece, and upon Sir Thomas being announced, she walked into the room in a martial step, and received Sir Thomas's grins and bows with as much gravity as possible. The baronet had certainly a very fine set of teeth, the best thing he had in his head, the wit to show them on all occasions excepted, which he did by an eternal

grin that must have captivated Genevieve, or any body else, that loved grinning. After a little common-place, Mrs. Decastro left the room, whether she thought two might be better company than three, or did as she would have another, or was pressed by any little necessity, or thought there was one too many in it, or was frightened at the baronet with his mouth open, or for any, or none, or all of these reasons, or some other, she left the room, as it hath been said, and her niece and Sir Thomas to shift for themselves. Now it came to pass that there was a deep silence for some length of time, whether the baronet had so many fine things to chuse out of that he did not know to which to give first utterance, or whether he thought a matter of such importance as that on which he came introduced by a solemn pause might carry more dignity, or whether his tongue had a fit of the palsy, or his wit been struck with

with an apoplex, all was silence, however, till Genevieve burst into a loud fit of laughter, which broke the same in that room and the next to it: the baronet then opened his mouth, and his case, and laid the disease of his bosom before Genevieve, and said, that he hoped she would pour the balm of her kindness into those smarting wounds which her piercing eyes had bored in his heart. Genevieve was in a laughing humour, and she fell into another fit that made her sides ache. She begged Sir Thomas's pardon, however, and said, that when a fit of laughter got hold of her it shook her whether she would or not, but where no disrespect was intended she hoped no offence would be taken, and then fell a-laughing again; when the baronet arose, and said, he would take a flourish round some of the squares and call again, and hoped to find her in a more serious humour. Poor Sir Thomas never paid her a second visit, however, for,

for, following a whim he had to shine as a coachman, and taking his life into his own hands, he ran his carriage against a post, and broke his neck, which made a great deal of merriment in the first circles. The next that offered was a little black fiery man, like a grain of gunpowder, a member of parliament, of great eloquence, and some poetry, he had the voice of a giant and the body of a pigmy; and his nose came up to Genevieve's tucker: he always wore boots, because he had crooked legs, and his name, a long name for a short body, was Christopher Cocky, Esquire. He was very brisk and lively, and had an odd way of running round Genevieve, who, being such a large tall woman, when he spoke behind her, hardly knew where to find him. He certainly was not in twenty places at once, but he skipped about so quick that he was as near it as any man ever could be; he was as hot as fire, and Genevieve put him in a terrible

terrible passion once, when he skipt more than common, by telling him, that he put her in mind of a flea, and expected him to hop amongst her petticoats some day. None could ever get Mr. Cocky to sit down, the member was always on his legs, which were so short and crooked that the legs of the chairs were as long again, and that was thought to be the reason why he would not sit on one. He made his advances in a copy of verses, wherein, to use his own phrase, Genevieve's virtues and beauties were embalmed for the admiration and use of posterity. Genevieve played the rogue with the little man, and entertained him and his passion, as he called it, for her own amusement, for she would sit and laugh at him for an hour together, as if she were at a puppet-show. She mortally offended him one day, being in a great hurry to run to the window upon some account, when little Cocky skipt just in her way, and though, if she had had

the presence of mind, she might have stepped over him, she took him, however, by the tail of his coat, which he always kept buttoned close to his body, and lifted him out of her way, which, by raising his skirts, exposed what little matter he had under them to all in the room, and made the ladies, there were half a dozen present, very merry. Wherever he came little Cocky was a great holder forth, and would stand in the middle of the room and harangue the company; when he grew facetious Genevieve would steal up close behind him, and, peeping over little Cocky's head, fix her eyes upon his nose, which stood straight out of his countenance like a man's finger, and had a little wart upon its tip; this would set folks a-laughing, which little Cocky took to the credit of his wit and parts, until, directed by the eyes of the company, he looked up, and discovered the jest that entertained them all, to his no little mortification. Lit-

tle Cocky had a long purse however, though he had short legs, and offered larger settlements than any who had yet proposed to Genevieve. Little Cocky was as black as a coal, and had so much beard that he shaved every thing on his face except his nose and his forehead. What had been fatal to some other of Genevieve's lovers was fatal to poor little Cocky, for one day, notwithstanding recent examples, getting a little elevated by a couple of glasses of Madeira which he had taken with his sandwiches, O evil star! he took half a dozen skips across the carpet to Genevieve's chair, and, making a very fine speech indeed, behind her back, clasped her neck as she sat, and gave her a kiss on it! she jumped up, boxed both his ears soundly, and put him fairly out of the room. Little Cocky was heard to swear a loud oath outside the door, and never came to see Genevieve afterwards. The next season Genevieve came to town, which

was the last time she came with her aunt, Baron Rump, a foreign nobleman, after showing much attention to her at public and other places, wrote her a letter: his mother, who was in England, and appeared in it with great splendour, made Mrs. Decastro a visit, and said that her son had felt a tender passion for her niece two or three years last past, but as no opportunity could be found for him to make it known to her upon account of the number, and rapid succession of her admirers, truly many, but multiplied by public report into more, he had deferred to explain matters to her till then, when he hoped to find her disengaged, as he had heard she was, to receive his addresses. Mrs. Decastro made her best acknowledgments for the honour, and all that, and said that she had very good reasons to think that her niece's affections were, and had been some time, engaged, and that her son, highly sensible as she was of so much honour, had best not think any

any more of her niece: this, however, would not satisfy the old lady, who had her son's interest a great deal at heart, and she begged to speak herself to Genevieve on the subject. Mrs. Decastro then showed the old lady into her niece's dressing-room and left them together. Genevieve paid the baron and his mother some handsome compliments, but begged to decline receiving him on the foot of a lover: the old lady hoped there might be nothing improper in expressing a wish to be satisfied in the reason why her son might not be received on that foot? Genevieve said, "I will deal plainly with you and your son, madam, and think it best to declare at once that my heart is not my own, it is wholly another's, and I therefore conceive it to be doing any one a very great injury to lead your son to expect what can never be granted." Upon which the old lady made Genevieve a compliment on her plain-dealing, and

and took her leave with a very low curtsey. But although the mother was satisfied, the son was not, who, after his mother had made her report, wrote a letter to Genevieve to ask her, after fifty apologies tending to show how his life and his happiness were engaged upon the thing, whether the person to whom her affections were united had actually come forward upon the matter? Genevieve said, in answer, that he had not, and might not, but that made no difference in the case; she therefore begged him to desist to charge his hopes upon any the least thought of success. Baron Rump was a large fat man, and had a protuberance to make one think him nick-named; he begged to be allowed to come in person, as many things could not well be put into a letter, and he had many to say, to which, to deal fairly with the baron, Genevieve agreed, and he came accordingly: she insisted however, though he dropt a hint

hint to the contrary, that her aunt might remain in the room, and hear all he had to say, and he was a great talker; finding that he could not have matters as he would, he e'en took them as he could, and made a declaration of one of the most ardent passions that ever came in broken English from a broken heart! "He had confidence enough in himself," he said, "to make the recovery of her affections a sure game, and gathered hopes upon it as a proof that she was susceptible of the tender passion, and counted upon his assiduities soon to disengage, and win her heart. If, however, after all, it could not be done, he took upon him so much as to say that he knew his rival, and was determined, at all events, to dispute such a noble prize with him." —Genevieve interrupted the haughty baron with saying, "That it was quite impossible that he should ever have seen the person to whom her affections were engaged, and if they were at that moment

moment otherwise than so, he had given her such an earnest of his disposition, that she would pick a husband, if she wanted one, out of a slaughter-house, sooner than marry one of his turn." This was spoken with one of Genevieve's majestic frowns that would have daunted a man of less courage than Baron Rump, who said, "that it was her noble spirit that held such charms for him, and a woman who wanted spirit wanted dignity." "I suppose, sir," said she, "by disputing the prize you speak of, you mean to fight the man whom I chuse to prefer to you, though, by shooting his brains out, you miss your aim with me, which would be a most inevitable consequence." That was his meaning, he said, and held it out that he knew the man, and in a few days actually sent a challenge to a Mr. Brown, who went to the Opera with Genevieve and her aunt, and handed them into and out of their carriage. Mr. Brown read the note

with

with no small wonder, and said, in answer to it, "That there was certainly some great mistake, for, so far from his being any rival with the baron in Miss de Roma's affections, that he should be married to another lady in a few days!" Upon the baron's calling on him, however, he had the ingenuity to pick a quarrel with Mr. Brown, and had the honour to be kicked out of doors. Upon a repetition of the challenge Mr. Brown refused to fight, and the baron met him one day in the street, called him a coward in the hearing of twenty, and pulled Mr. Brown by the nose; upon which Mr. Brown threw his coat and waistcoat into an orange shop, and gave the baron a very handsome thrashing. Upon demanding satisfaction by letter, Mr. Brown told him "that it seemed no easy matter to satisfy the baron, but he would do his best to thrash him better the first time he had the honour to meet with him again;" which oc-

curred

curred in a few days, and the baron got another drubbing, and, having kept his bed for a fortnight, felt himself perfectly satisfied. Upon some remonstrating with Mr. Brown for refusing a challenge as the act of a coward, he said, "It was a bolder thing to refuse a challenge than to accept one, for it was fear that made men fight duels." "How was that?" it was asked. Mr. Brown said, "To do a wrong thing for fear of the world's opinion was the act of a coward." It was not long after this that the jealous baron fixed upon another man, an acquaintance of Mrs. Decastro's, for his rival, who, unfortunately for Baron Rump, had not quite so much courage as Mr. Brown, for he turned out at a moment's warning, and shot the baron through the body. Luckily for the baron, he fell into skilful hands, the balls were extracted, (for the baron, being a man not very easy to be satisfied, had received a brace from his

antagonist's

antagonist's pistol, so he had no cause to complain,) and he soon got well again; thinking that the balls, which had missed his heart, might strike the fair Genevieve in that tender part, and too, that wit and valour united might carry the lady, he took pen and ink and wrote her a flaming epistle upon it!—To which Genevieve made the following reply.

To Baron Rump, &c.

Sir,

I am this morning honoured with your letter; and, after my best thanks for the very fine things therein contained, beg to say, that it is a little unfortunate that the very means which your honour takes to recommend yourself to me, are the very ones, of all others, to set me against you. You set out with two challenges, and a duel, which are charged to my account. I am sorry, sir, you have such an

opinion of my sex as to think that such things as these take any countenance from us. I could as soon fall in love with a man for getting kicked as shot at, and deem it much the least disgrace of the two, more especially as he is the challenger; and am quite of Mr. Brown's opinion, which is much talked of, that none but cowards fight duels, whatever you may urge to the contrary in your sublime epistle notwithstanding: so, sir, you see what ground you have gained on this head. After having flourished away upon your courage, you next advert to your rank and fortune; the luck seems to run against you, sir, a title which a man has not earned with his own hands is little else than calling of names; and the lives, and manners, of many who wear them have brought a title into as much disgrace as if it had been given to the common hangman! As to your fortune it is no credit for a woman to marry into one, she had

much

much better be poor and honest than run her reputation into the hazard of marrying a rich man for the sake of his money, as that woman must do who marries Baron Rump. You next commend your fine parts, one would think your honour were on sale; if you and all your rare matters were put up at auction, however, all I can say is, that any might bid for such lumber for me. You go on to set forth, (your honour is certainly on sale,) that your temper is a very excellent one, I will not cheapen it because I know little of it, any further than the sending two challenges in the course of three weeks looks a little quarrelsome: but this you infer was to show your courage to your mistress, as you please to call me, and advance your suit as a lover! Depend upon it, my noble baron, if my heart was in my own hand, you and I should never agree, you are too fond of yourself for me, or any other, to get any reasonable share in your

 affections:

affections: and you make yourself out to be a man of such extraordinary parts, virtues, and merit, that a woman would have no chance for shining in the midst of such superior splendour. —No, my noble sir, I would never consent to be your wife, had I no other reasons than those just stated, for refusing so much honour; but I again beg to say, that my affections are wholly engaged, and you had best give yourself no further trouble upon my account.

I have the honour to be,

Noble sir,

Your very humble servant,

GENEVIEVE DE ROMA.



CHAPTER IX.

Genevieve's Lovers continued.

THIS saucy letter, as it were like, put Baron Rump into a terrible passion; and, what made matters worse, in order to see if there were not a compliment in it, he looked the word "lumber" out in an English dictionary. He then ran to his mother, for he put all his secrets into the old lady's hand, and told her, that his mistress used him like a dog. "Dabby," said the old lady, the baron's name was Aminadab, "you are much to blame to give yourself any further trouble about Miss De Roma: be advised by me and quit her for another; do what you will you can get nothing but scorn for your pains: a woman cannot look for a better proof of a man's affection for her than to venture his life, as you have done, for her sake. I took you

to have a better spirit, Dabby, than to put up with so much contempt from any woman." "Spirit!" quoth Baron Rump, "why, a barrel of water with one drop of brandy in it, would have more spirit than to put up with such a letter as this is! Look at the meaning and signification of the word Lumber here in the English dictionary—'cumbersome household stuff of little or no use'—is it not enough to make a man go mad? And look you here again, the meaning of the word 'stuff' is 'furniture, coarse cloth, kitchen-stuff, dripping, mutton or beef fat,' look mother, 'common grease;' see how I am abused! all this comes of my being a fat man, for 'fat,' you see here, in another part of the dictionary, means 'grease,' and here it goes on to say, that 'fat is a white oily sulphureous part of the blood'—and that is as much as to say that I am a sulphureous follow!—I will not bear this—by heavens I'll be revenged!—You see what a devil of a word this

'lumber'

'lumber' is! we have not a word in our language that carries so much abuse in it!" Upon that Baron Rump flung down the dictionary, and stamped about the room like a bedlamite.— After a turn or two, the baron said now his hand were in he were determined to know the worst of it, and again taking up the dictionary, the old lady caught him by the arm and begged of him to let the English dictionary alone, for if he went on to search for more meanings she did not know what might be the consequence; and as for Miss De Roma, she had used such language as to bring her beneath the notice of any gentleman. Upon which Baron Rump shut up the dictionary, and swore a great oath in his own tongue, that he would have no more to say to her, and he kept his word.

Genevieve was now in full reputation for a first-rate beauty, and her person had found its way into several exhi-

bitions, sometimes in one attitude, and sometimes in another; sometimes with, and sometimes without shoes and stockings; one painter took the liberty to pull off a great many of her clothes, and, in a very beautiful picture, had the face to show more of her person to the public than any had ever seen besides herself: one of her lovers bought the picture however, and had the modesty to conceal his mistress's nakedness from the eye of the world. The painters are certainly a set of men who take more liberties with the ladies' shoes and stockings, gowns and petticoats, to go no further, than any else, but such freedoms, it is like, would not be suffered, if the ladies were not willing to take fair occasion to show as many beauties as they can, and will not quarrel with the painter for exposing any thing which they would be glad to show themselves if it were worth seeing; but clothes are come so much into fashion, since Eve began

with

with her fig-leaf, a little spot that has spread over half the female body, that a straight leg, if it were not for the painter, would no more be seen than a crooked one. To return to Genevieve: the gay world had never many charms for her, though the general admiration she met withal were enough to have won the heart of many; and it may be said, sensible women; for why may not a woman be pleased in pleasing others? But Genevieve really felt, what Mr. Decastro gave his wife credit for to answer his own ends with her, a hearty contempt of the pomps and vanities of the world. She had long been used to hear on all sides when she came into company, "*Here she is,*" "*That is she,*" "*Here she comes,*" and the like notes of admiration, without receiving any injury, if the mortification be not one upon finding that a celebrated beauty rarely attracts a man of good sense: some such indeed she knew; but found that they

took pains to avoid her, and make room for beaux, fools, coxcombs, petit-maîtres, and other the like rubbish of human nature; with an halo of such matter was this peerless beauty ever encompassed, at all public places especially: and we omit, for the sake of brevity, to name many who made proposals, were refused, and heard no more of. No woman ever admired more, or was better accomplished for, the conversation of men of sense, but as the sun draws up fogs out of the mud, even so the radiance of Genevieve's beauty attracted a cloud of tawdry wretches out of the scum of the earth, that hung about her like a mist that blots the sun out of heaven. She grew alarmed at the reputation she was like to hazard of being pleased with what disgusted others, and having a bad taste, rolling, like a pig, amidst the mire of mankind, avoiding the conversation of men of sense and worth; and she found that some such suspicion

cion had gone forth. She and her aunt dined one day at Dr. Masters's house, a reverend dean, and an old friend of Mr. Decastro's; where the goddess was not so much in her temple as in some other houses. The good dean had heard a great deal of Genevieve and had a wish to see her, so he invited her and Mrs. Decastro one day to dine with him at the Deanery. She and her aunt, and a maiden sister of the dean's, were the only ladies who made their appearance at this reverend gentleman's table; his wife was laid down with the gout: a world of doctors with great wigs on their heads were there, and, among others, a handsome young clergyman, named Smith, much admired on the score of his virtues and learning. Genevieve and her aunt made their entré, and casting their eyes around them, felt their blood run cold at the sight of so many great wigs on all hands: what all this hair has to do with religion is a mat-

ter of wonder, especially false hair, which must needs belong to the devil as all false things do! Genevieve fixed her bright eyes on this handsome young clergyman, who had not as yet run his head into a great wig, however a great wig might run in his head; she saw him stare at her, but presently to take his eyes off, and, though he had a fair opportunity of sitting next her, and she gave him one of her sweet glances to coax him to her side, she had the mortification to see him sle off, and take a chair close by the old maid on the other side of the table. She felt this very sensibly, but took no notice. Mr. Smith was related to the dean, and he had introduced him to her. At this reverend table, Genevieve seemed to be unusually alone, and actually sat silent for want of one to converse with her, after a little talk, and a glass of wine, with the good old dean. On each side of her sat two great wigs, full of powder and

very terrible; and Genevieve looked at one, and then at the other, and was sure there must be a great deal in them if she knew how to get it out. The talk, as far as she could hear, ran upon very grave matters, which the Reverend Doctor Blow, who sat on her left, kept pretty much in his own hands, conversing directly across her nose with the Reverend Doctor Boarcole, who sat on her right: now Doctor Boarcole was a little hard of hearing, and Doctor Blow was fain to lean towards him when he spoke, who, out of politeness, met him half way, which inclination on both parts brought their great wigs over Genevieve's face in such a manner as to cast her under a total eclipse of hair, during a great part of the time she sat at the table; for Doctor Blow and Doctor Boarcole presently fell into an argument upon the divine right of tythes, which waxed so warm, that the two doctors, during the heat thereof, frequently

gave

gave Genevieve a brush on either cheek with the eaves of their wigs: which, mixing their white powder with her jetty locks on both sides, might induce a belief on one who knew nothing of the matter, that Genevieve had got kissed by both the doctors at once to keep her face steady; for the ladies have a trick of turning their faces away when they are kissed, a thing very well known to all doctors in divinity, who may wear great wigs to hide the ladies' blushes, else what use can they be of? Now if Doctor Blow had fixed his lips on one cheek, and Doctor Boarcole on the other, their wigs would have met over Genevieve's nose! No such fun for Genevieve, however; who, during the argument, came in for a very small share of attention. It has been said, when there is a contest between two, nobody can long stand neuter, that is, without siding with one or the other of the combatants: Doctor Blow had cast

his

his eyes twice on Genevieve, and Doctor Boarcole four times during the discussion, whereupon Doctor Boarcole was Genevieve's man, and she felt pleased whenever he gave Doctor Blow a shrewd turn; and whether her smiles of applause upon Dr. Boarcole invigorated the doctor's wit and genius, or the loss of them discouraged Doctor Blow, Doctor Boarcole certainly overturned Doctor Blow, who, converting his attention to a slice of plum-pudding and Madeira sauce, put such a great bit into his mouth at once as might very well make it a doubt whether it had been stopt by argument or by pudding.

The Solid Gentleman taketh the quill from out of Old Comical's wig, where he had stuck it, and fallen asleep.

The story which follows is a very sad one, and sets the fatal effects of female beauty in so strong a light as to make it a question whether it might not be better for the world if the fair

sex

sex came out of the hands of nature without any such dangerous embellishment: or, if the women must needs come with so much ornament into the world, if beauty were put into safer hands than it too often is, and not be given to such as are glad to do all the mischief they can with it. We do not mean, however, to insinuate, by this little preface to our story, that Genevieve ever committed any wilful murders with this terrible weapon, or abused the power which nature gave her; by no means: so little pains, indeed, did she take to make a conquest of poor Mr. Smith, that she had not a guess that any harm were done until he wrote to her. When the gentlemen who dined that day at the Deanery came into the drawing-room, Genevieve still saw Mr. Smith avoided her, which made her a little anxious to engage him in conversation, and took an opportunity, in making way for a servant, to edge her chair up close to him;

him; poor Mr. Smith could not make his escape, for Mrs. Deborah Masters sat on the other side of him, with whom he was talking; Genevieve listened a little to their conversation, and soon found room to put in a word, for she was a ready speaker, and, by degrees, drew Mr. Smith entirely to herself; but we must abridge this story or it will run us too far: Be it known then that Genevieve made a conquest of Mr. Smith, who not only paid his addresses to a lady whom Genevieve knew, but matters had gone so far that the day was fixed for the marriage: Genevieve herself did not come off without a wound on her side, and she went so far as to say that if her affections had not been deeply engaged, she could have been glad to have chosen Mr. Smith for her husband; but she loved another too well to suffer much on her part. In the course of a few days after she dined at Doctor Masters's house, she received a letter from Mr.

Mr. Smith, full of wildness and extravagancies, and another from Miss May to whom he was engaged; the first we shall suppress out of tenderness to Mr. Smith, the last we shall give the reader.

The Letter written by Miss May to Genevieve.

MY DEAR MISS DE ROMA,

I SHOULD not deserve the kind attention of so excellent a young man as Mr. Smith, if I had not a heart to pity him in his present situation: before Mr. Smith saw you, my dear madam, Mr. Smith was mine, but he now is yours, your superior charms and merits have taken him from me, and that upon the eve of our nuptials; knowing Mr. Smith as you do, I need not tell you how much regard I have for him; too much to see him in such a sad distracted state on my account; if I do not see him happy I shall never be so

myself—

myself—I have told him this, and given up all my claims to him: you must add, that he has my leave to address you: I could not do so, lest this little act of generosity, as some may think it, might overcome him. I speak as if I knew you loved him as well as I do—it is impossible, if you have any feelings of a woman in you, but you must love him:—think not too highly of me for what I have done, it is done for my own sake, for I could never live long and see Mr. Smith miserable: tell him this, and add, that if he has any wish to prolong my life he must let me see him happy.

I remain, my dear madam,

Yours, &c.

LOUISA MAY.

As soon as Genevieve had read this letter, she wept like a child; getting a little composed, she asked her aunt for her carriage, and paid Miss May a visit. Miss May received her with great

great kindness, which threw poor Genevieve into a sad fit of grief, and it was some time before she could get power to say a word. She began by telling her that she had no heart to lose, for it was already another's, or Mr. Smith was quite the kind of person to make the deepest impression upon her mind, so that she could take no merit in declaring that she would never see Mr. Smith again, begged by all means that their marriage might take place, and asked Miss May to give her leave to inclose her letter to Mr. Smith, for, she said, if any charm on earth could call her lover back to her that letter must do it: after much entreaty it was allowed; when Genevieve wrote the following note to Mr. Smith, and enclosed Miss May's letter.

To the Reverend Thomas Smith.

Sir,

I received your letter, which has given me much vexation: I have robbed

bed a young woman of your heart, who well deserves even such a heart as yours, and could tear my unlucky face to pieces for having done so much mischief. If you knew me, sir, as well as you know Miss May, there could be but little harm done; my temper is not a good one, I am violent and fond of rule—you would be terrified if you knew what a bosom I have—what furious passions inhabit it; if you gave up your sweet Louisa, you would go distracted as soon as you found what an exchange you had made. For heaven's sake, sir, think not on me: what you now feel is the least of the matter; if you felt ten times as much, it would be a paradise compared to what you would feel if you had me: sooner than marry you, I would hang myself out of charity to you. I wish in my heart I had never seen you: marry your sweet Louisa, and it will be no little addition to your happiness to talk over your escape together;

gether: as to your letter it is full of downright falsities, every thing you say of me is untrue; you are cheated, sir, by my cursed glaring outside—my beauty is my greatest misfortune. I could have been glad of you as a friend, and of your charming Louisa as an example to copy after; my beauty has deprived me of both, many thanks to it. Take notice, sir,—my affections are engaged; it may be of some use to tell you this; just such another young man as yourself has my whole heart, who, I am sure, has too much good sense ever to give such a termagant as I am any encouragement; but I will tear myself out of myself, but I will try every thing to engage him! Read the enclosed letter, and if you do not fold your sweet Louisa to your heart, I wish you may marry such another as myself.

I am, sir,
Your humble servant,
GENEVIEVE DE ROMA.

Poor

Poor Mr. Smith, soon after the receipt of this note, married Miss May, but died of a broken heart in the second year after his marriage, and his sad Louisa soon followed him to his tomb, leaving an infant daughter to the care of their disconsolate parents.

Amongst others that paid their addresses to Genevieve, her cousin Frederick was one, and if she detested one man more than another Frederick was he: this offer took place before he returned to Oxford the last time: we must give some particulars of it in this place. Frederick's attachment to Genevieve was no sudden thing; he fell in love with her while he was a schoolboy, and had often told her so, and she him in return that there was no offensive reptile that crawled on the face of the earth that she felt so much disgust at the sight of. Genevieve usually took up her abode at the castle, and this by the advice of Old Crab, who said, he did not see what such a

woman,

woman, as she were like to be, had to do in a farm-house. During the holidays and vacations, however, when Frederick was at home, she always went there to get out of Frederick's way, and told her guardian, Old Crab, her reason for coming; who said, Frederick was a good-for-nothing young dog, and it was his duty as her guardian to keep her at a distance. Finding Frederick one day in his house, he laid his stick upon his bones, and asked him how often he were to forbid him coming there? Acerbus, the philosopher, was Old Crab's favourite; as to Frederick, he always said he would come to the gallows, and the sooner he were hanged the better. Whatever faults Frederick might have, he was always constant in his attachment to Genevieve; by "constant," we do not mean to say that he forsook the rest of the sex for her sake, for he was extremely vicious, and, amongst other the like exploits, seduced one of Old Crab's

Crab's maid servants, if seduced be not too light an expression, for the poor girl received so much injury from him that she died in consequence of it: and this it was, amongst other inferior merits, that brought Old Crab's oaken towel and Frederick's bones together, as aforesaid, when he found him where he had forbidden him ever to come; for, after the affair just mentioned, Old Crab told him what he had to expect if he ever found him again in, or near, his premises. We truly think that it would be doing Frederick much injustice to say that he was not attached to Genevieve's person; her money, however, had no little weight with him; and then, more especially, when his father stopt his allowance at the university; after which, with much difficulty, he got an interview with her by concealing himself in a ditch, and leaping upon her, as she passed, like a tiger; what took place at this interview left an ulcer on Frederick's heart that rank-

fed in it to the day of his death. He began by renewing his addresses to her in the most earnest manner. She told him that she would marry the common hangman sooner than she would him, and other the like scornful and provoking taunts. Frederick, finding all entreaties vain, vowed revenge on the spot: it was a lonely place where they met, close by a wood; he seized Genevieve round her waist, who, not expecting such an attack, was thrown to the ground; she was not likely long to lie there, however, nor had fallen, but for a bush that got between her legs—she soon disengaged herself at the expense of some of her clothes which were torn off her back, leaped from the ground, seized Frederick, who made a second attempt on her person, and flung him by main force into a muddy ditch, where he had certainly got suffocated if she had not pulled him out by one of his legs: Frederick had now got enough of it, and sneaked home as black as if he had

had been dipt over head and ears in an ink-bottle. Old Crab met him on his way, and asked him how he came to be in such a pickle? but he hurried off without speaking one word, and so did Old Crab, for Frederick stunk of mud a man might have smelled him a mile. Getting over a gate into another enclosure, he saw Genevieve coming with the remains of her gown and a petticoat in her hand, her stockings torn and legs bleeding, and her bosom bare. "Why, Jenny," quoth Old Crab, "what the devil is the matter with you?"—Upon which she told her guardian the shocking attempt which Frederick had made on her person.

CHAPTER X.

Some Account of Lord Budemere's Matters—on what foot Old Comical was received at the Castle—Mr. Decastro's Pride.

No,—no love in this chapter, there was enough of that in the last. There will be a great deal presently, if the reader will have a little patience; but the ladies are so fond of sweet things that they can scarce keep their fingers out of a sugar dish! Now it were a matter worth forty shillings to tell them that a sweet thing coming now and then comes all the sweeter for coming seldom: no lady or gentleman, whatever some may think, was ever made on purpose to live in a honey-pot: it is temperance that gives folks pleasure; run into excess and there's an end of it at once. Yes, sweet ladies, sweet lovers of the sweetest things, you miss the matter even in love itself by taking

too

too much of it; if you could swallow a gallon of honey, a twentieth part is better than the whole: a kiss and away is better than all day; sweet is the lover's lip if rarely touched; too much is worse than grutch: it is the frugal use of pleasure that gives us pleasure. But who can comb all the errors out of people's heads? and what are errors but the vermin of the brains? Now if Old Crab had combed Lord Budemere's head with a three-legged stool, and combed out brains and all, pouring milk, eggs and sugar in the place of them to serve for understanding, it would have altered his lordship's intellects a world for the better, and his soul would have sat much more at her ease in the middle of a custard! As it was, the seat of his soul was the stool of repentance! what a confusion in his house! what a hunt's-up! no man knew who was cook and who was butler! Old Crab, as hath been said, took the chaos in hand to reduce things

 to

to order: there was a good ten years' work! "What the devil have you been at," quoth Old Crab, "what in the devil's name have you been at? You must get into lodgings, you blockhead, and there lie, you and your wife together, until I can disembroil matters for you:" and it took Old Crab a world of pains, time, and labour to put his house to rights, aye, ten times the labour his brother John's cost him:—so Mrs. Decastro occupied that in town and the jackdaws that in the country, though they did not pay quite so much rent for it.

Cæsar, when he speaketh of himself in his Commentaries, most nobly putteth himself into the third person singular; why may not Old Comical do the like after so great an example, and put himself in like number and person in Old Comical's Commentaries?—Mr. Decastro, heaven bless him! put Old Comical upon the foot of honour, always invited him to dine at his

his sumptuous table at the castle amongst the great folks, where he cracked his jokes, filled his belly, and talked to the lords and ladies: and 'Squire Grove, as worthy a gentleman as ever walked between sized felt and neats leather, always did the same. "Ah Beauty," quoth Old Comical one day to Genevieve, for so he always called her Radiance, "who is to come in at last for all that's between your cap and pattens?" "Why, John," said she, "what's between my cap and pattens is the least of the matter, if the men could get hold of my money, the sooner I were thrown, cap and pattens, into the next ditch the better, it is what they are all after; how is such a rich gipsy as I am to know who is sincere? and who will offer, after all, that is worth having, while all this money lies in my lap?" "Ah Beauty," quoth Old Comical, as "music is the *caper sauce* to a country-dance, so it is the chiming of the guineas in a wo-

 man's

man's apron that sets the men a prancing about her—who would look at an angel if one of the seraphim came down from heaven with empty pockets?—A woman cannot get on in the water without money, she had as good be a fish without any fins in it, Beauty." "I hate the men," said Genevieve; "they only court me because they want to put their hands into my pocket; hanging will never keep them honest as long as there is a man left to come to the gallows!" "O fie! Beauty," quoth Old Comical, "hang your great bag upon the devil's horn, and if I will not marry you to-morrow kiss me till I pinch you!" "O I hate warts, and your face is full of gooseberries; you shall hear further," said she, "if I set my heart upon a cock turkey, and want a husband with a red face, that can spread his tail and strut." "Beauty!" quoth he. "What now, Old Comical?" said she. "Ha-ha!" quoth he, "how came you to think I spoke to you?"

you?" "Why, you comical old toad, you always call me so," said she.—"Well, I say, Beauty,—pull that bottle of Madeira this way, (they were at dinner at the castle,) and, come, let us have a touch at it together, and then, if you tumble under the table you can't blame me if I tumble after you; and let what will happen the fault will be all in the wine—but here it breaks again—it cannot be bad wine that brings good folks together, so come, Beauty, let's have t'other touch at it, and then I'll sing you one of my best ballads."—"None but an ass can have an ear for your music," said she. "None but an Orpheus can attract the beasts," quoth Old Comical. At table were the Earl and Countess of Budemere, Mr. and Mrs. Grove, Lord Thomas and his cousin Mr. L. Lady Charlotte Orby, Acerbus the Philosopher, Old Crab, Mrs. B. Decastro, George Grove, and Julia the pretty milk-maid. Hearing Old Co-

 mical

mical quaver, Lord Thomas called for a song, whereupon Old Comical mounted a chair, for he had left his three-legged stool at the farm, and sung "My Lady Cannee,"* as it stands in the margin; and

* OLD COMICAL'S BALLAD,

"MY LADY CAN YE?"

Old Comical takes up a large Pair of Bellows.

1.

Poor Lady Bounce, my grandmother!
Ah she was troubled so in
Her maw with wind, that waters strong
She scarce knew what to throw in.

CHORUS.

My lady can ye?
My lady can ye?
O my lady! ah my lady!
Now my lady can ye?

[*Old Comical puffs hard with the bellows after every* "Can ye."]

2.

Deuse take the wind! quoth Lady Bounce,
Bring me a glass of water,

Hot-

and was made to sing it three times over. As soon as the laughing was done,

Hot-spic'd with noble cinnamon,
And clove to make it hotter.
My lady can ye?
My lady can ye? &c.

3.

While blasts of air in pockets shut
Within my bowels so rage,
Hot bricks and plates, quoth Lady Bounce,
And tiles, are chips in porrage!
My lady can ye?
My lady can ye? &c.

4.

Bring me a glass of stiff Old Tom,
'Tis a choice wind exploder,
Makes cholick'd stomachs snap and crack
As if charg'd with gun-powder!
My lady can ye?
My lady can ye? &c.

5.

Bring me a gill of scorched port-
Wine all on fire with spices,
Who would not for her ease get drunk,
A lady over nice is!
My lady can ye?
My lady can ye? &c.

done, for much laughter followed the ballad, "Brother John," quoth Old Crab,

6.

Now bring me pepper'd gingerbread
All burning like the devil,
'Tis good for rumbling grumbling winds,
That work the guts such evil!
My lady can ye?
My lady can ye? &c.

7.

Marsh-mallows, bark, and chamomile,
Bring orange skins and nitre,
Bring carroway, and cinnabar
Of old a stout wind fighter.
My lady can ye?
My lady can ye? &c.

8.

Bring me a pint of anniseed,
And now a pint of brandy,
Fire them and pour them flaming in,
Or I shall lie down and die!
My lady can ye?
My lady can ye? &c.

9.

Bravo! at that, quoth Lady Bounce,
The wind that made me rave oh!

Begins

Crab, "you have got a house in London again, folks say, what the devil is the matter now?" "Matter! brother Bat, there's nothing the matter, it is Lord Budemere's house; I have hired it for my wife, why should I beg or borrow when I can pay for the use of a thing? But I go no more to London, if you mean so, brother Bat."—"No," quoth Old Crab, "but your pride does, and that is a pity; why can't Madam Crincum Crankum be content in a lodging? or at Master Grove's house where she used to be? I have let the house for ten years, she must turn out." "Let the house for

Begins to move!—it breaks! there! there!

[N. B. *The old lady breaketh the wind in this place.*]

Ah bravo! bravo! bravo!
My lady can ye?
My lady can ye?
Ah my lady! oh my lady!
Now my lady can ye.

[*Old Comical makes frequent use of the bellows during this last staff.*]

ten

ten years, brother Bat!" "Let the house for ten years, brother Bat," quoth Old Crab, singing in his nose, "yes,—and your old hen sha'nt roost there, you may take my word for it: I don't see what the plague she has to do in London at all, feeding the common abscess of the land with her bad humours: the gathering is rank enough already, what need she add to the imposthume?—She must turn out, brother John, I have let the house at a good rent for ten years, I tell ye, she must turn out—she has played the devil with the furniture already, with her confounded routs, there was scarce a chair that had not its bones broken by her last gang; what the plague she has to do to invite so many waggon loads of people at once, I can't think—she must turn out, I tell ye." "Well, well, brother Bat, if the house is let at a good rent for ten years that's another matter," said Mr. Decastro, "and I am very glad to hear it, I will not stand

in

in the way of a better tenant." "Let for ten years!" said Lord Budemere, "I was in great hopes, sir, you could have made up my matters before that time." "Made up your matters!" quoth Old Crab, "'tis no such easy work—you set your estate on fire in fifty places, and expect me to stop the conflagration in a moment, I warrant; it were a fool's question to ask how such a man can be such a fool! You will never be the man you were, you must not expect that, you can't have your candle and burn your candle; the Parsmore estates and Rabbins farms are gone for ever; ten thousand a-year bled to death at that gash." "I expected cold news from that quarter," said Lord Budemere; "but, sir, you have not said what you can allow me to live upon while matters are a-mending?" "Six thousand pounds a-year," quoth Old Crab; "there are only you and your wife and your daughter, six thousand

a-year

a-year will find you in bread and cheese, I warrant, with only three heads in the cupboard." Lord Budemere raised his eyes to the ceiling and said he should be starved to death!—At that moment Old Comical burst into a loud laugh—just then a little ill-timed—Lord Budemere asked him what he laughed at? Old Comical humbly begged his lordship's pardon, and said he could not help it—while Old Crab's simile ran in his head, who had compared London to a great scab upon the face of the earth: (Old Comical usually had a side slit to crawl out at)—"And there it is like to stick until the devil scratches it off," quoth Old Comical; "he will carry it home in his nail, some day." "Aye," quoth Old Crab, "'tis a sign of foul blood in the land when it breaks out into such blotches." "When it throws the humours out," quoth Old Comical, "'tis a sign of the strength of the constitution."

stitution." "Better in than out," quoth Old Crab, "as far as contagion goes, for vice is worse than the plague; the plague indeed may send now and then a soul to heaven, which vice never did since the devil laid his paws upon the world." "Ah, master," quoth Old Comical, "tell it the people out of the pulpit next Sunday that the devil's a cat and the world is a mouse, tell them how he plays with it, and tosses it from one claw to the other, now lets it go, and then hooks it back, and, if we don't take care to watch him, we shall all be snapt up at last." "You would have more sense if you had less wit, John," quoth Old Crab; "you will have your jest if you go to the devil for it."—"That joke would be rather too far fetched, master," quoth Old Comical; "for, look ye, master, I'll be" ----. "You chattering scoundrel!" quoth Old Crab, "if you don't hold your tongue I'll throw you out at the

window;

window: In regard to this house, brother John," continued he, "it must be cleared as soon as it is possible, my tenant comes into it at Lady-day." "Well, but, my good brother Bat," said Mr. Decastro, "where can I put my wife, she must have some place to receive her friends."—"The devil is in it," quoth Old Crab, "if she can't see friends enough at Master Grove's, he has a house as big as an hospital, he may let her a few rooms in it." "O fie, Mr. Bartholomew Decastro," whispered Mr. Grove, laying his finger all along one side of his nose—"O fie, Mr. Bartholomew Decastro, do you suppose we should let lodgings? Mrs. Decastro never gives more than one party in a season, and she will do us a great favour if she will use our house and our servants when she wants them." "We thank you as much as if we did, my friend," said Mr. Decastro: "why need we put you and your people to any trouble? money will find a house

in

in town for my wife, money will find servants, money entertainments, money every thing, and she shall have enough to let folks know whose wife she is, too:"—"What a cursed vice this pride is," roared Old Crab; "thou hast a thread of the old hank, brother John, and to get it once fairly out of thy fabric a man must e'en pull the old cloth all to pieces! Look you, brother John, as far as a man is proud he is sure to be a fool, to say no worse of him; suppose Master Grove lends your wife a room, or two, to give her friends a gossiping, and takes nothing for it, what needs that stir your monkey, brother John?" "Why, the world will talk." "Aye, there lies the very itch of it—can the tongue of the world lick a bear into shape? if it could, you had long since been a gentleman of very curious proportions!— They that are too proud to borrow may some day be glad to beg; take Master Grove's offer, and if your wife's gang

gang break his chairs, or throw the tables at one another's heads, which is like enough if they get to gambling, pay the damage, brother John, if the constables can't keep the peace in the bear-garden. A house in town! the devil is in it if you have not had enough of houses in town! I'll unkennel your wife in this, however—I made the vermin bolt once and will again, I'll warrant her!—If she hangs back, out go all her bones at the first window—if I don't play Old Jezabel with her—"—"Well, well, brother Bat," said Mr. Decastro, "she shall come out if you wish it, I am glad it is let, with all my heart."—"Come out, aye!" quoth Old Crab; "what the plague has she to do to sit swelling in such a great house as that? I hate the sight of a great house, for my part; a man is sure either to find a great fool or a great scoundrel in it, nine times in ten: if a man knew his enemy he would throw himself neck and heels out of

these

these great houses, as if they were on fire, to save himself from flames unquenchable! The devil keeps his shop and counter in them and takes men's souls in pay for every thing that hell imports—you noisy scoundrel," quoth he to Old Comical, who kept the rest of the table in a peal of laughter, "a man had as good speak in a thunder-storm—silence, you wide-mouthed rascal!" "Look ye, master," quoth Old Comical; "you are the rector of the parish, and I am clerk thereof, put in authority under you—and say whatever you please it is my duty, in virtue of my office, to say Amen to it, that is all one as if a man should say 'so be it.'—Now, Beauty says here,—but I should first of all tell you what wine she has drank—she drank ten glasses of his honour's neat Madeira at dinner to lay the meat even in her stomach, to keep the hogs and the poultry, the neat and other horned cattle quiet in her bowels—that is as good

good as to say to drown them, for that is one way to keep such things quiet, or, as your honour very well knows, they might be for running about in her belly and breeding a disturbance amongst the jellies and the syllabubs, tarts, sausages, and puddings, and turn her stomach out at the window, as your honour, being rector of the parish, very well knows—very good—so beauty drank ten glasses of his honour's neat Madeira at dinner for the purposes aforesaid, and to good end, forasmuch as I have not heard a hen cackle, a sheep bleat, an ox bellow, or a duck quack in her stomach—Adsbobs! she would have given them enough of it if any of them had spoken one word, for, as soon as she let the servants take away the residue of the dinner, which she did without biting or scratching, down went seventeen more glasses of rare old stuff, port, claret, burgundy, and champaigne, to make sure work of it, and

now her stomach is as quiet as Noah's Ark at midnight, with almost as great a variety of beasts and birds, and creeping things stowed in its hold!—Now, to pick up the thread of my discourse, Beauty says"—at that moment the ladies were retiring into the drawing-room, and Genevieve, turning round to Old Comical, flung half an orange, which she was sucking, slap-dash into his mouth, and stopped it up in a moment.

CHAPTER XI.

More Love and more Kissing, and other the like savoury Meats—of Genevieve and the Philosopher —of George Grove and Julia—and other matter by way of a Tail to the Chapter.

LOVE pounceth upon a lady's heart with beak and talons like a vulture on a tender dove!—there is a pretty simile! it puts us in mind of Horace's red rag, his purpureus pannus, to begin with: adszooks! but we must not talk Latin to the ladies, they will say directly that it is something wicked, something that is not fit to eat—for it is impossible to speak one word with two meanings but they take the worst! but if we have not a care we shall burn our fingers in this fiery chapter—it is like to be very hot—the ladies had best skip it—or lay in store of lettuces and camphor before they get into it: in the first place here is Genevieve in flames,

flames, rolling on the grass under a monstrous weeping-willow on the margin of the lake, torn like a mountain with imprisoned fires before the flame bursts forth—"My dear Jenny," said her friend Lady Charlotte Orby, who came behind her unawares, "what in the world ails you?" Genevieve, in her fury, had torn her hat off and flung it from her to cool her head, and her coal-black hair, dishevelled, fell in wild disorder about her snowy bosom, any one who had seen her would have thought her a mad thing: willing to cool both ends, she had also kicked her shoes off her feet, and in this situation she lay sprawling under a tree when Lady Charlotte came suddenly upon her:—"My dear Jenny," said she, "what in the world is the matter with you?" "Who sent for you, you plague?" said Genevieve, "who called you?" "Well," said Lady Charlotte, "I will go away, Jenny; I am glad nothing's the matter, but John

Mathers ran to me in the shrubbery, and said that you were in a fit, and was afraid you would roll into the water." "That old devil is always lurking about," said Genevieve: "but stay, Charlotte—I have something to tell you—sit down by me here on the grass: bless me! my feet are so ticklish I can scarce ever put my own shoes on without squealing," said Genevieve, putting her shoes on. "You are in a very odd sort of a way," said Lady Charlotte; "what in the world ails you, Jenny?" "O my dear Charlotte," said Genevieve, "I am, I am in love, I am indeed! I wish the men had been all hanged before I was born!" saying which Genevieve hid her face in Lady Charlotte's lap and fell a-crying. "My dear Jenny," said she, composing her jetty locks with her white fingers as they lay scattered on her neck, "My dear Jenny, I am sure you have nothing to cry for—give but the least hint and you may

have

have any body—give him but one smile and any man is your own." "Ah, Charlotte," said Genevieve, "but the jackanapes that I am grown, I scarce know how, so fond of, is no common thing; he is so very sensible, so very good, so very handsome and so very odd—O Charlotte, Charlotte! —my heart feels as if it were a coal of fire within me!"—"My dearest Jenny," said Lady Charlotte, "don't talk so loud, you will bring people about you: will you make me still more your confidant, and tell me who it is that has so bewitched you?" "O Charlotte, I cannot get his nasty name out of my mouth—I cannot tell you—I cannot get courage—but I will tell you before I tell any body else; you shall know first—you shall indeed: O, I could tear him to pieces as folks have torn tyrants oftentimes, for seizing thus upon the empire of my bosom! O dearest—most cursed—blessed—charming devilish angel! what would

I give if thou wert on the rack, and I but thy tormenter! O but these arms should be thy rack and these fingers the buckles"—saying which she seized on Lady Charlotte, and gave her a squeeze that made her eyes water. "For heaven's sake, Jenny," said her ladyship, panting, "you will squeeze the breath out of me!"—"O my dear Charlotte," said Genevieve, "I scarce know what I do."—"If you don't I do," said Lady Charlotte, "for I am sure you have made my sides ache; you don't consider how strong you are! you must govern yourself, or you will frighten the man whom you love, out of his wits; if he is a sensible man he will chuse a woman in her senses."—"I could tear out my tongue, Charlotte, for having told you what, I think, notwithstanding, has eased my heart in the telling; but there are moments in every woman's life when she will turn her heart inside out like a purse to a friend, and pour forth

forth all its contents."—"My dearest Jenny, did I ever betray any thing in my life that you entrusted to my keeping?" said Lady Charlotte, "could my tongue ever be more silent if you had put it into a box and kept it in your pocket?"—"My dear girl," said Genevieve, "I know I can trust you—I have often blamed your silence, never quarrelled with you for talking—do advise me in this matter, for of all things about me I have the least of a rational creature—I am getting worse and worse every day, and shall do some foolish thing—if you burned as I burn," said she, laughing, "you would run about and cry, Fire! Fire!" Poor Genevieve! and then she fell a-weeping again, and so, between fire and water, she was in a comical taking. Lady Charlotte comforted her all she could, and pressed her to tell the name of her sweetheart, but Genevieve could not bring herself to tell it for her heart; she promised, however, to tell

it to her ladyship first, and that soon; but again begged for her advice with tears, for death, she said, were better than to live without him she loved. "I could advise you better," said Lady Charlotte, "if I knew the person; but as you cannot get courage to tell me his name I will do the best I can at a guess—you say he is an odd sort of a man—and sensible—suppose we put down the Philosopher, who is both—and consider what were best to be done if he were the very very man."—Genevieve, at the naming of Acerbus, fell into too great a pucker not to tell her secret in almost every possible way but by word of mouth,—and the crafty Lady Charlotte got what she wanted, making countenance all the while that she knew nothing of the matter, and went on as follows:—"Well, my dear Jenny, I will not press you any further to tell me the name of your love, and will advise you just as if I knew nothing about the matter—in the first place

place then, you must moderate your passions, for though a sensible man would not marry a woman without passions, he would be loth to put up the banns of marriage between himself and Mount Vesuvius for instance, and live in constant dread of the overflowings of matrimonial lava—no sensible man can be expected to do that, Jenny." "O Charlotte, Charlotte! who can disembowel Ætna's bosom, and change it into frosty Caucasus!"— "What! heroics, Jenny! you must be far gone indeed!"—"You toad," said Genevieve, "I will throw you into the lake—come, tell me what I am to do—O what a fool have I been to let this devil get the dominion over me!" —"Take care, Jenny," said Lady Charlotte, "love makes sad havoc in a proud heart; you must come down, or love will bring you down, or burn you down, take my word for it; otherwise all I ever heard or read of him are downright lies:—whoever this odd

 mortal

mortal is who has pinned your heart in his sleeve"——"I will tear it off and go and live at my estate in Berk-shire," said Genevieve.—" You must be in a tearing humour indeed if you do," said her ladyship; "for I am sure no poor maiden's heart was ever pinned faster to any man's sleeve than yours seems to be!" "You saucy little de-vil," said Genevieve, "I will throw you into the water!" saying which, Genevieve catched up Lady Charlotte in her arms, and ran to the bank with her, and made her squall out. "You frighten me out of my senses, you are so violent, Jenny," said she; "love makes some animals mad, I am told; I am sure it has driven you out of your wits!—I will not trust myself any longer with you."—" My dearest Charlotte," said Genevieve, kissing her cheek, "pray stay with me and comfort me, and advise with me, what can I, what shall I do?" "Will you promise to be quiet then?" "I will in-deed,"

deed," said she.—"Come, sit down again, then, and hear me: we all wish to marry the man we love, Jenny, and in that there can be no harm if he be an unexceptionable person, and we all wish to let him know, in an honest way, that he may come and take us as soon as he will for anything we care about the matter; but the greatest plagues are your sensible men, and such a one, it seems, you have to deal with, for they are sure to be very modest men, and to think lowly of their own merits, so that a poor girl may hint her heart out before she can make them understand it to be possible that they can be worthy her attention, while a good-for-nothing impudent coxcomb will take the most distant innuendo to his precious self in a moment, and, indeed, will set it down for granted that we are all equally in love with him if we could but find it in our hearts to speak. But if the man whom you love, Jenny, is of the first

 class,

class, he is worth all your pains, and I will put you in a way to catch him if he is not in your net already."—"My dearest, sweetest Charlotte!" said Genevieve.—"No more of your extasies," said Lady Charlotte, "for they absolutely terrify me; to conquer a sensible man you must conquer yourself, Jenny; men love to be loved, and warmly loved too, but not to be seized by a tiger."—"Come," said Genevieve, "put me in the way, I want to be put in the way, for I fear I have not got this fish in my net, who is worth all I ever caught put together." "It is a good rule, Jenny," said she, "in running after any thing to take care not to make a false step by the way, and, to tell you the truth, Jenny, I must say that I think your neck is as much in danger as any neck in the world." "You be hanged," said Genevieve, "come to the point; the worst of advice is, that it deals so much in generals: come to my particular case—

you are a sly gipsy, and I dare say can be of use to me:—tell me how I am to act, for I declare solemnly to you, Charlotte, that I cannot, will not live without this angelic devil—O, I love him! dearly, dearly love him!—sure no fond heart was half so fond as mine!—If I don't wish you were as much in love as I am, Charlotte, I wish I may be hanged—why don't you go on?"—"Go on!" said her ladyship, "who can speak a word while you are raving in this manner? you will not give the echos time to say after you, or I am sure the walls of the castle, though they are half a mile off, would repeat every word you said!—attend to me—I will suppose for a moment, just to keep some one in my eye, that Acerbus, our philosopher, were the man of your heart. (Genevieve fluttered.) What ails you, Jenny?" continued her ladyship; "are you cold that you shudder so?"—"No," said she, "cold! no; I am very far from

being cold indeed at this moment."—
"Well then," said her ladyship, "we will just suppose for argument sake, that Acerbus was the very man of your heart—now the first thing you must do is to study the temper, habits, inclinations and pursuits of the philosopher: Acerbus is fond of reading, and it is like would be fond of one who was fond of reading too; he is much engaged in natural history, and would be more taken with a new lizard, a new beetle, or a new butterfly than a hundred other things which would catch the fancies of others; now you must like, or seem to like the things which he likes, but be sure you let him find it out by chance: now he has a large collection of caterpillars which he feeds in a glass case to see the changes of these curious animals, put your hand to the same thing, and get some too, and let him see you by mere chance gathering leaves for your caterpillars, it will take his attention, he will press

press you to shew him your caterpillars; then do you make a favour of it, refuse him, and let him entreat before you yield to his desires: but you must so manage the thing as to get detected in it, not make any show of it, lest he suspect a trap.—The philosopher is very busy in making a collection of natural curiosities, as far as his narrow resources will permit, you are able to do the same in a far more costly way, and I suppose you had as lief put your money to this use as any other, do so, the thing will catch his attention, and be a means to catch something else at the same time: Acerbus is fond of shooting, remember never let any game leave the table without eating of it and commending it: make his dogs fond of you by taking a bit of bread with you when you are like to meet with them, he will be pleased to see his dogs fond of you and you of his dogs, and if you are taken by surprise in giving a pointer a bit of bread, or a kiss, for there

is

is no immodesty in kissing a pointer's forehead, try to make your escape as if you did not wish to be seen in it. I am afraid matters are too far gone with you, or you might use, at times, some little scorn and contempt, for we should never let the person know whom we wish to catch that we are hunting for him." "O my dear Charlotte," said Genevieve with a sigh, "this is all such a roundabout way to come at what one ardently desires; one that loves as I do, if these things could be done as you say, cannot have the patience to do them!" "What can we poor women do," returned her ladyship, "but sit like a spider in a corner, and watch and wait till the fly rushes into our toils? The person must come of his own accord, we cannot dart out and seize on our prey, and, indeed, it would not be worth our having if we could." "A plague take the jackanapes!" said Genevieve; "I wish he had been hanged for sheep-stealing before

he

he had stolen my sheepish heart, then I might have wrapped myself quietly in my wool and slept soundly o'nights! O Charlotte, Charlotte! I hate the thoughts of night! did you ever hear of any who ran mad in her dreams?" "No," said her ladyship, "I think it is quite enough for people to run mad with their eyes open: I have heard of such folks before now." "And you need not go far for an instance your sauciness would insinuate," said Genevieve, "meaning me, however, you need not go far to find a fool, or I had kept this folly to myself," added she, and wept. "Come, my dear Jenny," said her ladyship, "you cannot be in safer hands, though I must contradict you in this, and beg to say, that to feel a regard for a young man of merit is not a folly; so far otherwise, I think it is no very common mark of wisdom in our sex, so apt as they are to have false appetites for the veriest trash of mankind: alas, my

dearest

dearest Jenny, how seldom do we see a beauty in the arms of a worthy man! But to return to our philosopher"—— "Return to our philosopher!" said Genevieve with a start, "why, you speak as if Acerbus was"——here she hesitated:—"Don't put yourself into a flutter," said her ladyship; "we have put him for your heart-stealer, your charming thief, all the while, because Acerbus is very odd, and very sensible, and very good, and to say the truth, I think, if you are so fond of odd things that are sensible things and good things, yes, and handsome things too, for I think the philosopher a very handsome man"—"You great fool," said Genevieve, "how you talk!" "Yes, I say," continued she, "for I will not be beaten off; I think, if you are so fond of all those odd things, that Acerbus the philosopher would not go against your stomach." "What do you mean, you plague?" said Genevieve; "I'd as lief marry the wonderful

fish

fish that was shown in Piccadilly for a shilling.—I shall be afraid of you, Charlotte, after what I have told you, I have put myself, like a great fool, so much in your power: tell me that you are in love directly that I may be even with you."—"O that I am," said she, "and not such a fool to make any secret of it, and want to be married so bad that I sometimes fall a-crying about it!"—"You are a queer toad, Charlotte," said Genevieve; "but, seriously, you would not have me tell people so?" "Yes, but I would though," said her ladyship, "for it might get round to the ears of my love, and then he might take compassion and send me a letter.—But come, Jenny, tell me when you saw your wonderful fish last, and if you think he is like to bite at you? I think if you do as I bid you that you will soon find him a-nibbling: but, remember, not a bit of the hook must be seen; he must feel that before he sees it." The ladies

were

were now disturbed by voices, and hurried away.

A few days after this, and some more of the like advice, Genevieve began to open a new plan of works against the philosopher, and it came to pass that he dropt upon her unawares under a hedge in one of Old Crab's meadows: She had a little basket in her hand, and his favourite pointer Ponto was lying by her side as she sat upon the grass. The philosopher saw her very busy with her fingers in her basket, and felt some curiosity to see what she was doing; and presently she gave Ponto a bit of sweet cake out of it, who put his two paws directly into her lap, and fell to licking her face as if it were something very savoury. She did not seem to take Ponto's kisses much in anger, however, for she caught him in her arms and gave him some in return, and another piece of sweet cake, when the pointer curled himself round and lay down at her feet. Love me

love

love my dog, quoth the philosopher to himself, and, plucking a leaf, put it between the pages of a folio edition of Aristotle to keep his place, and then laid the old Stagirite down under an oak : ..having so done, he crept round the bush under which Genevieve sat, and saw her pick a great caterpillar off it and put it into her basket. Ponto, smelling his master, jumped up at that moment and began to whine and wag his tail ; Genevieve jumped up too, and saw the philosopher standing behind the bush. "You great blockhead," said she, "what are you come for?" "Come for!" said Acerbus, "why, this is the way I usually walk in an evening—what makes Ponto and you so fond of one another all on a sudden? what have you got in that basket, Jenny?" "What's that to you, you fool," said she, "nothing at all." "I see some leaves in it," said he, poking his finger under its lid. "Keep your nasty fingers out of my basket,

or

or I'll beat it about your stupid pate," said she. "You are very cross this evening, Jenny," said he—"come, I know what is in it, there is some cake in it, for I saw you give Ponto a bit of cake out of it—and I saw you put some leaves and a caterpillar into it." "Then, if you know, why d'ye ask, ye great ass?" said she. "To see if you made any secret of what it had in it," said he; "let me just look at your caterpillar, Jenny." "You shall not see it, so get along," said she. "I lost a very curious one in that very bush yesterday, it made its escape among the leaves—pray tell me, cousin, has it got a horn upon its tail?" The philosopher, a little too eager to see Genevieve's caterpillar, laid hold on her basket, upon which she gave him a great push, and rolled him upon the grass.—Lady Charlotte, who had wandered from her friend in search of wild flowers, came round some trees just as the philosopher was tumbled upon the ground—she

she ran to him, and asked him kindly if he was hurt?—seeing him laugh, she said, "I declare, if I were you, cousin, I would go and tumble her down out of pure revenge!" "If the blockhead comes near me again," said Genevieve with a haughty frown, "I will break his neck." Upon this Acerbus walked away. "Call your dog," said Genevieve, driving poor Ponto from her, "I can't think what the brute comes after me for?" Poor Ponto turned his head round as he went from her, and gave her a look that cut her to the heart. "Jenny," said Lady Charlotte, as soon as Acerbus had walked a good distance, "if you drive the men away in this manner, you had best drive them out of your thoughts too; for you may take my word for it you will get such a name, if you have it not already, that not a man of them all will come within an acre's length of you." Genevieve threw herself at the foot of a tree and wept. "I vow," said

Lady

Lady Charlotte, "I will call Acerbus back and you shall beg his pardon. I saw what passed—he only wanted to look into your basket—what have you got in it?" said she. "Let the basket alone, Charlotte," said Genevieve, "or I shall be very angry with you! stay, Charlotte, you shall not call him back: I beg his pardon! I'll beg him a halter! He has been watching me about all the evening, what can the coxcomb want?" "Come, Jenny, don't abuse my cousin, he is no coxcomb—I wish I could catch him watching me about, as you say, he should not ask twice to look into my basket, I assure you."—"I declare I'll tell him what you say the next time I meet him," said Genevieve. "I wish you would," said her ladyship, "I don't care how soon he knows it; but you'll bite your tongue off before you will tell him so, I know very well." "Do you think I care whose basket he looks into, Charlotte?" "Well, my dear Jenny, don't be so

angry;

angry; my cousin is an odd mortal, but he is a very handsome, and, what is better, a very worthy young man; there is as much difference between him and other young men of these fine days, as there is between men and monkies." "George Grove is as good every bit, and as handsome without his oddities," said Genevieve. "High ho!" said Lady Charlotte, "there you have hit upon my true love!—the next time I meet Julia I'll tear her cap. O, Jenny, Jenny, what a nice young man George Grove is! I wish the law allowed us two husbands, I should like to have George and Acerbus, and take one for summer and the other for winter." "You gipsy, you don't care a farthing for either, or any body else, you would not be so merry if you did." "I declare I will look into your basket," said her ladyship, and, pulling open its lid, turned it bottom upwards, when out tumbled twenty caterpillars and a great luncheon of sweet cake. Up jumped

jumped Genevieve, and away ran Lady Charlotte and she after her; it would have done any man's heart good to have seen the race. Were there any tumbles? Yes—Lady Charlotte fell twice and Genevieve three times.—Were there any shows?—yes—exhibitions, rather, worth all the shows at Somerset-house, for who ever saw a lady tumble down in a picture and get up again? What's a picture good for when not a figure in it can set one foot before the other?

> Segnius irritant animos dimissa per aurem
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.
>
> Hor.

What a sad loss it is to ladies and gentlemen, their ignorance of the Latin tongue! Now it came to pass that the race aforesaid ran by Old Crab's garden, where Old Comical was digging up some potatoes—he saw them coming afar off, Lady Charlotte scouring along and Genevieve pouring after her! fright-

frightened, at first, he looked to see if any dog or other animal was in pursuit, but as soon as he found all was in fun, Old Comical whipt a chemise off a clothes line, and, jumping upon a great horse-block, displayed the Holland at arm's length by way of prize to the winner: seeing which Genevieve stopt short, and Lady Charlotte ran laughing into Old Crab's garden.

Although these things happened some time afterwards, we must add a word or two in this place before we go back to bring George and Julia's love affair along with us:—A turkey, upon occasion, will just put its head into a little hole, and think, like a fool, that no part of its body can be seen; now Genevieve's regard for the philosopher was quite as much hid, and she quite as much a fool to think that nobody could see the very thing that was apparent to every body's eyes!—But why conceal any thing from her friend when she had confessed so much?—

 Why

Why not shew the turkey's head as well as the turkey's tail? this is one of those nice shades of complexion, reader, which colour Genevieve, one of those fine cracks in her character which serve to show how her joinery differs from other women; one of those delicate juncturæ, as Horace calls them, invisible to all but the judicious eye—and it would have been unpardonable in the historian not to have brought the reader's nose close enough to discover it. But why did she run after Lady Charlotte? Why she was in love, which is one reason for doing any thing; but here we own, which is a great deal more than many historians will do, we own we cannot tell—we can guess, however, with the best of them, and own it too, which is also more than many will do—she might run after her ladyship to beg of her to keep to herself what suspicions came into her head upon seeing the pointer, the cake, and the caterpillars, aye, and the

the philosopher too, all so near together, that there certainly seemed to be some secret connexion which Genevieve had no mind should be seen; or she might run after Lady Charlotte to stretch her legs after sitting so long upon the ground at play with the philosopher's dog; or she might wish to know which could run the fastest; or she might want to whip Lady Charlotte; or she might have an I-don't-know-howishness about her which no lady can run away from unless she runs one way—this is all very foolish!—you are right, reader, it is made so on purpose to please the fools, which are nine parts in ten of the world, and therefore best worth a writer's pleasing, for if all the fools will buy a book, as for reading it they may just do as they please about that, the writer were a fool too for his pains if he cared a farthing for a few wise folks in a corner.

When we came to the word "corner," we grew so dull, notwithstanding the

brilliancy of our genius, that we could not write another for half an hour; and we dare say that there have been certain times and seasons when the divine Plato himself had not a word to throw at a dog, and Aristotle could not say "BOH!" to a goose.—When a man talks to the wise he should fill his sentences full of shining sparks; when he writes, he should set his page with diamonds. But what is become of Genevieve?—well put in, we had as much forgot her as if no such star e'er shone in beauty's heaven. Let us just peep into her —— What a raree-show a beautiful woman is! what a number of pretty things she carries about with her which it rejoiceth the heart of man to look at! and yet how little is seen in comparison to what is not seen! What if a man could go over new ground?—[*The Solid Gentleman gave Old Comical a jog at the elbow here, and made him blot where he did not intend it.*]—Well, well, we have done, we have done; but what

what needs a woman to hide what she never stole? If she hath a handsome leg why may not a man ask to look at it? If every thing that is made is a good thing, what hinders but a good thing may be seen? If a thing be a bad thing, why, the more it were hid, and the less it were seen, the better, if a good thing, what else were worth the looking at? A good thing can do no good, nor get any credit, if it be for ever hid, the beauty of its workmanship is thrown away upon it, the admiration of the world is lost! The children of the brush, and the children of the chissel, the noble works of the painter and the statuary, what would it boot the world if all were locked up in the closets of the artist? What would a man say if any body put Venus a Medicis into petticoats? and, if a man wanted to look at her legs, make a great outcry, and say, it were indecent to touch her clothes? What the devil, is not a fine woman to have the

 advan-

advantage of a stone statue? Must all those beauties be hidden which are the divine originals of these marble excellencies? The ladies are fools to submit to any such dishonour: clothes are a disgrace to a beauty! the finest limbs in the world ought not to be kept in the dark, it is an insult upon the most beautiful part of the sex to wear any clothes at all!—let the old and the ugly, the halt and the deformed hide themselves, and welcome, from the eyes of the world, but be beauty's heaven no longer overcast with clothes; let every pretty woman disrobe by all means, and pour her glories upon the world like the sun without a cloud!—Hollo! who can show us the way back into the high road? Right, very right! aye, aye, we were just going to look into Genevieve's bosom; now, we suppose, notwithstanding its exquisite beauty, some may think a man had better look into an ulcer; a man had best keep his eyes out of dangerous places,

places, certainly, so we will turn our's another way: Genevieve had told her friend that she was in love, but would not, for some reason, name her sweetheart to her;—now the circumstantial evidence which had just arisen, cast, like the sun, such a blaze of light upon the philosopher, that, unless it put her ladyship's eyes out, for one sometimes cannot see for light, Genevieve had good reason to think that her friend could be kept no longer in the dark: and though none need light a candle to find Genevieve's honest man, she, however, good soul, thought him as much hid as if she had put him in a locket, and dropt him down half a yard into her bosom: now her kissing his dog and feeding him with sweet cake, and her falling all on a sudden to gathering caterpillars in a basket, looked so like following her friend's advice to catch a philosopher, that, if the circumstances of the case had been counted out by my Lord Ellenborough, (God bless him!)

 counted

counted out by my Lord Ellenborough before a jury, Genevieve had gone nigh to be hanged. But we must now stick a bough in the ground to mark how far we have run forward, and run back to bring George and Julia to this place.

To return then to OakenGrove:—the love affair between George Grove and Julia began very much to engage the attention of the families in that neighbourhood; who, according to custom in these cases, contrived to meet each other without the knowledge or consent of their parents. Mr. Grove and Old Crab had talked a good deal on this matter, and had come to a resolution to put a stop to it as soon as possible: Old Crab had said, and repeated it, that he had no objection to George Grove at all; he was a very good lad, but he had no thoughts of making his daughter a fine lady, her breeding never looked that way, he had no mind to match her into such a family as Mr.

Grove's,

Grove's, she had not been bred to any such expectations. As to money, he thought there might be too much as well as too little, he looked to a competency, and that was all he looked to, for his child, it bade fairer for her happiness and comfort than to marry a man of twenty thousand a-year. Mr. Grove readily agreed with Old Crab upon this, and they parted with a determination to keep George and Julia at a distance from one another. This was a thing, however, not very easy to be done, matters had gone already too far for that, as will be seen.

Old Crab, upon his return to the farm, having a little time on his hands, took a walk round his grounds to examine his fences, or to look if his cattle were in their pastures, when, coming near the little grove where George and Julia held their meetings, he fancied that he heard the sound of voices in it, upon which he walked into the copse, and getting a little nearer to the place

whence the sound came, he heard George Grove say, "If you cannot come, Julia, put a letter under the stone as usual."—"I will do so," said she, "if I cannot come, but I will come if I can." This was an unlucky discovery; Old Crab, however, lay by till they were gone out of the wood, and upon looking a little further in it, came to a pretty arbour woven of braided boughs under a spreading tree, which formed a broad back to a chair made of turf and moss, in the bark of which Julia and George's names were carved in true-love-knots and pretty flourishes: and so thick was the roof platted with boughs interwoven together that it protected Old Crab from a heavy shower of rain which fell at that time. As soon as the shower was over, he went home without speaking a word about this his discovery, but returning to the place the next morning he found a letter for George put under the stone aforesaid.—This letter explained mat-

ters

ters a little further, and gave him to understand that a mutual promise had been made between them to be true to each other. When he came home he called for Julia, who was busy in the dairy, and said, "Come here, you jade, who taught you to write letters?" "Write letters, papa?" "Yes, who taught you to write letters, I say?"— "Nobody, papa." "What, did you never write a letter in your life, hussy?" "Yes, papa, I have written two or three." "To whom? answer me this moment." "La! papa, what do you ask for?" "No matter, tell me, I say, to whom have you written?" "Why, I wrote once to my uncle at the castle, to tell him when you would send him some hay and some oats for his horses; you bid mamma do it, and mamma bid me do it—her eyes were weak from a cold, papa, and so —" "Come, chattering—whom did you ever write to besides?" "Sometimes to my cousin Jenny, papa." "To whom else? did

you ever write to any man besides your uncle?" "Man, papa, man, papa?" "Yes, man—you know the meaning of the word, I warrant." "Dear papa—what man can you mean?" "Did you, or did you not ever write to any man besides your uncle?—tell me this instant!" Julia blushed. "Why don't the girl speak?" quoth he. "Write, papa—no." "Come here this moment!" Upon which Old Crab, pulling poor Julia a little roughly upon his knee, took the letter, which he had found directed to George Grove and put under the stone in the little arbour, out of his pocket, and opening it under her eyes, "You young hussy," said he, "what do you call this?" Poor Julia, the moment she saw the letter, fainted away, and fell upon Old Crab's bosom. She held a milk-pan in her hand, coming out of the dairy in haste on being called, which dropt upon the ground and made a great noise, at which her mother, running in a great hurry to see

what

what was broken, for it was an earthen pan, found Julia in a fit supported by her father, and fell to the usual modes and means of recovering her without asking any questions, which she soon did by the help of a great wet towel, which a kitchen wench plunged into a bucket and dashed into her face and neck; the water streamed down through her clothes and made a pond on the floor underneath her deep enough to swim a duck.

Old Crab took a walk forthwith to Hindermark, and laid this his second discovery and Julia's letter before Mr. Grove: upon which George was called and the letter shown to him; a wiser man than he would have looked like a fool upon such an occasion, so he could not be expected to look much otherwise. Mr. Grove was very well informed by this letter how matters stood between his son and Julia, and what an alarming progress their attachment to each other had made; he saw no time

were

were to be lost, so Mr. and Mrs. Grove left Hindermark early the next morning, and took George along with them, without telling any body whither they were gone.

CHAPTER XII.

Genevieve's Attachment to Julia--Julia makes Lady Charlotte Orby and Genevieve her Confidants—Lord Budemere communicates the Proposals of the Hindermark Family to Lady Charlotte.

WHAT is called the season in town was now over, and Mrs. Decastro, who had never failed to make good the conditions of the agreement made between her and Mr. Decastro on their first arrival at the castle, was now returned to it, and though the winter was but that moment out of the sky in London, she found summer in it by the time she got to the castle, notwithstanding she had travelled into the north: and, whether she thought five bodies in a carriage would break the jolts better than two, or, if they happened to quarrel there might be a casting voice, or when there are more in a coach folks keep one another

warmer than when there are less, or, whatever else she had in her head, she brought Lord and Lady Budemere and their daughter Lady Charlotte Orby back with her and her niece Genevieve to Oaken Grove: Genevieve, it may be recollected, always went to town with her aunt, though London was not much to her liking, but her father gave orders on his death bed that she should be made a woman of fashion, so her aunt took her to London to make her one, and, moreover, to get her a husband: but Genevieve was a saucy jade, and boxed every man's ears that made her an offer—saucy! aye, and so she need to be, or such a world of money as her father left her would have been thrown away upon her, and that would have been a pity. She, and her cousin Lady Charlotte Orby, were old cronies, bred at the same school, and great friends, so now they might have a good gossiping, and talk over their

old-

old fun when they were school-girls and pinned the teacher's and the dancing master's tails together. "Come, Charlotte," said she, "let us walk to my uncle's farm and see our cousin, the pretty milk-maid." So as they walked through a beautiful pasture called Dairy-Mead, they met Julia with her milk-pail on her arm, and wiping her eyes with her apron. "My dear Julia," said Genevieve, "what are you crying for?" Upon which she made Lady Charlotte and Genevieve her confidants, and told them the whole story of herself and George Grove. Now nothing in the world pleases girls better than a love story, no matter how sad it is; Lady Charlotte and Genevieve stood as silent as two mice till they heard all, and, if Julia had talked on, would have stood till they were grey. Poor Julia! how the tears ran down into her bosom while she told her story! as soon as she had done they comforted her all

they could, and they did not swear, but both bound themselves in a solemn promise to get George Grove for her if they could: so they both went home directly and sat down and wrote two hundred letters; nothing on the face of the earth sets a woman's ink a-running like love: if you see a spot of ink upon the tip of a woman's middle finger, you may safely swear that either she is in love herself, or some of her friends. "Charlotte," said Genevieve, "did not Julia say that George Grove was to be forced into a match with some lord's daughter?" "Yes," said she, "but I cannot think who that can be, now, for the Groves visit so many noblemen's families in town:—surely it cannot be Lady Louisa P?"—"Write to her at a venture," said Genevieve, "but don't forget to keep Julia's name a secret, we have promised that you know: say every thing which you can think of to set her against the match, and I will write to

her

her father and her mother, her uncle, her two aunts, and four of her cousins, and do the same." And thus they went to work with many others, but did not hit upon the right person after all. .."If I knew who she was," said Lady Charlotte, "I'd run and bite her:" "And if I knew who she was I'd go and scratch her," said Genevieve; and so they ran on as if nothing ill could come amiss to the poor lady who was to be married to George Grove. "He is a very fine young man," said Lady Charlotte, "and, my uncle Bat says, bears an excellent character at Oxford—I think I should like to have him myself, Jenny." "Surely you mean if our pretty cousin were out of the question?" said Genevieve. "O I would break my heart twenty times, if it could be mended again, sooner than take him from Julia!" said her ladyship: at that moment a servant came in with twenty letters for Lady Charlotte, and five-and-thirty

for

for Genevieve, with a note:—"What note's that?" said Lady Charlotte: "It comes from Mr. Grove's housekeeper, I writ to her to ask if she knew where the family were gone—but she says that nobody knows any thing about the matter." So they fell to reading their letters.—"O dear me!" cries Genevieve, "Mrs. Rosewood has run away with her husband's butler!" —"I have got that," said Lady Charlotte, "in my letter from Lady Q. well, well, well, Miss Scamper is gone off with Captain Blunderbuss."— "I have got that," said Genevieve, "in my letter from Lady Mary B."—"Mr. and Mrs. Carrick are gone abroad and left their estate in a cradle"—"at nurse, I suppose, Miss H. means,—a miserable jest;—but she is an authoress, and may put off any nonsense for wit." "I have got that too," said Lady Charlotte, "in my letter from Mrs. Gad, who tells me that Lord Ringwood has broken his arm a-hunting."

ing."—"I have it 'neck,' here," said Genevieve, "in my letter from Lady Harriet Z. who says, that Colonel Barret left England fifty thousand pounds in debt." "No, no," said Lady Charlotte, "she is wrong, her sister says, here, in her letter, forty thousand pounds:—and adds that our pretty cousin Frederick Decastro is gone with him."—"So says Lady Harriet Z. in her letter to me." "Well, wherever he goes, I hope he will go into that part of the world where they make the strongest halters!" said Genevieve. "Bless me," exclaims Lady Charlotte, "what a piece of news I have got to tell you; Mr. Christopher Cocky, your very great admirer, has married a woman seven feet high!"—"I was just reading the very same thing in my letter from Mrs. Bangam: well," added Genevieve, "he is five feet high with his shoes on; so five feet put to seven feet make twelve feet: thus matrimony ties up long and short sticks in the same faggot."

faggot." They were running on, each telling the other for news what both had in their own letters, when Lord Budemere came into the room, and, taking Lady Charlotte out of it, spoke as follows: "Charlotte," said he, "you may remember when Mr. and Mrs. Grove were with us at the Lodge that I hinted a thing to you concerning a nameless person then in our thoughts, whom you took to be Lord George E. I had a little reason at that time to leave you in your error." "Error! papa! why, did not Lord George E. make his proposals to me within a few days after? who could you mean, if not Lord George?" "Hear me," said his lordship. "I will now explain matters; you were easily led into the error, for Lord George is a relation of Mr. Grove's as well as another, whom I then really meant, and now have to propose to you, since both his lordship and Sir Harry St. Clair have been refused." "Surely, papa, you cannot

not mean Mr. George Grove ?" "His father and I have had a little correspondence of late, and he has himself made his proposals to us for his son: I made, I own, a little advance in the matter, enough to assure him that George, if he knocked at our doors, would not be bolted out; so the offer comes very well from them, you know, since we are not quite on the right side of the question to begin a thing of this sort: Mr. George Grove will have a much larger fortune than either the baronet or his lordship, and it is by far the best offer we have yet had, and cannot by any means be refused: I shall leave the matter to your consideration, and look for your answer in a day or two: saying which, his lordship took his leave: and Lady Charlotte returned to her cousin Genevieve, who immediately took notice that she went out of the room with one face and came into it with another. Lady Charlotte laughed it off, however, when

when they again fell to their letters, and nothing more was said about the said change of countenance at that time.

Now Lady Charlotte had a mind to George Grove herself, but how to get him at once, and keep her promises with her cousins, perplexed her not a little: and well it might, for if the thing were not an impossibility, it was within a very little of it: see what comes of making rash promises.

CHAPTER XIII.

A young Farmer pays his Addresses to Julia—a great Uproar at old Crab's Farm—Old Comical takes the pen, after a few drops of ink from the Solid Gentleman.

Old Crab took Julia into his study, as soon as she was well recovered from her fainting fit, and preached her a sermon upon telling of lies which held her two hours: He told her that the devil was the father of them, and if she conceived them, and brought them forth, she must needs be the devil's wife. Poor Julia, who had rather be George Grove's wife a great deal, sobbed and cried, begged pardon upon her knees, poor girl, and said, "that she was very sorry for what she had done." Upon which Old Crab forgave her, and, taking her upon his knee, told her that she must think no more of

of George Grove: but it is one thing to give orders and another to get a thing done: to unthink a thing which she had been so long a-thinking on was no such easy matter. A heart once lost is a thing not so easily found again, and Julia, poor girl, might have looked long enough before she had found her's, though she knew very well who had it all the while. She had like to have told another fib though, and said, "Indeed, papa, I will think no more of Mr. George Grove," when she thought of nothing else all day long, and dreamed of nothing else all night. However he luckily interrupted her, but it was with very unwelcome news, and so far not very lucky indeed: "Come, come," said Old Crab, "dry up your tears and I will find a husband for you, one more suitable to a poor wench in your condition, than a man of twenty or thirty thousand a-year:" John Cartland was then named to her, son of Farmer

Cartland of Broad-Oak: this young man had been in love with her a great while, but hearing what a great man Julia had got for her sweetheart, thought his chance were very small, so he kept himself at a distance and put up with his heart-ache as well as he could. When Old Crab named him to her, she said "that he had some time since sent her a letter, but she told him that she was very sorry, but had got a sweetheart already." "You are a slut for not telling us," quoth Old Crab; "but go this moment and get yourself ready to see him, he will be here presently:" and so glad was the young farmer, that he set out before all the family, who were engaged that day to dine with Old Crab, and came first to make a little love before dinner. As soon as her father had done with her, Julia's mother took her aside to tell her how she was to behave to Mr. John Cartland: "Julia," said she, "you are grown to be so fine

 a lady

a lady by being so much with these fine folks at the castle, and have taken such an air from Mr. George Grove's company, that I am afraid the young farmer will think you too proud; but you ought to remember that, although we have such good relations, we are poor people ourselves, and must not give ourselves any airs: I don't mean to say that you are a proud girl, Julia, because indeed I don't think that you are so, but you must be particularly careful in this matter, for, having been so much of late amongst lords and ladies, you may appear to be so without meaning it, and frighten a plain man." "Indeed, mamma," said Julia, "I should be sorry to be thought proud, and will do the best I can to receive Mr. Cartland in a civil manner: but, my dear mamma, beg a little time for me to try to forget somebody—and I will strive to do my best to come in to your and my papa's wishes." "You were always a very good

good girl, Julia," said Mrs. B. Decastro—"but here is the young farmer."—And indeed Master John rode up at that moment to the gate, in a suit of bright peach-colour cloth made on purpose for the day; for Old Crab had bid the good farmer put a new suit of clothes upon his son John, and teach him to make a bow: upon which Master John put his best leg foremost, and, having entered a new suit of clothes of a bright peach-colour, as aforesaid, came down from Broad-oak as bright as a star, to pay his addresses to Julia. Poor Julia, who had been so long used to the elegant dress and manners of George Grove, upon the entrance of Master John had much ado to help laughing. Master John was a short man, but no ill figure if the tailor had let him alone, but Master Snip had so stitched him up in some places and let him loose in others, that he had any thing rather than human proportions about him; and not being

used to be so very fine made matters a great deal worse: Master John, however, notwithstanding his epileptic fit at the sight of Julia, did as his father bade him, and made a bow, or a thing which he thought the most like one, and left a long scrawl of dirt on the floor as a proof of it: Old Comical gave him a touch behind to put him in mind to pull his hat off, but it was no easy matter, for it was a new one bought on purpose for the day, and however the young farmer got his head into it, it was not very soon to be got out again; but Old Comical laying hold behind and Master John laying hold before, they pulled off his hat between them; so now he stood before his sweetheart with his hat in one hand, and a stiff hazel staff, with Cupid a-shooting carved upon the knob of it, in the other, but could not speak a loud word for his heart. Mrs. B. Decastro, seeing the young man a little bashful before company, went out

of

of the room, and, shutting the door, left Julia and Farmer John together. —What a sad thing it is to be frightened! It now came into Master John's head that it would be polite to get Julia a chair, a good thought, but it brought an accident with it, for the farmer, coming with the chair in one hand and his hat and cudgel in the other, the said cudgel got between his legs and threw him and the chair both down together at Julia's feet, where the staff would needs have it a lover ought to lie. Julia came to his assistance and took the cudgel away from him, for he still held it fast in his hand, and got Master John upon his legs, which was some trouble, for he had got a new pair of leather breeches on, made so tight that he had scarce any more use of his limbs than if half of them had been struck with the palsy: she set up the chair, put the farmer on his way to it, and said, she hoped that he had not taken any hurt in his fall.

 When

When a man's hand is in it is amazing how many blunders he makes!—In the next place Master John must needs put his hat upon a chair and sit down upon it, which, being a new beaver and exceeding stiff, was not in the humour to give way to Master John's pressure, but, as if to be revenged for the indignity, mounted him up in a very ridiculous manner; however, he made a straddle of it and took the crown thereof very well between his knees, the tightness of his breeches notwithstanding, and was very safely seated if he could have sat still: Julia, seeing him to be in no little confusion, asked him how all the family did at Broad-Oak Farm, how corn sold, whether they had begun hay-making, and other the like questions, and among other things admired the quaint devices carved on the head of the young farmer's staff which she held in her hand; and, though he might have trusted her with the cudgel very safely, yet he seemed

to

to think that he might as well get possession of it, he took it from her, therefore, for she sat near him, and laid it at its length at his foot on the floor: in an evil hour, as will be seen:—Farmer John sat, reader, upon an old-fashioned long-backed chair with very short heels, and the more likely on that account to fall backwards; his hat between his knees stretched as far apart as his tight breeches would allow to admit the crown of it, and his hazel staff extended at his foot on the floor, when Old Comical, not recollecting the room to be full of the tender passion, came in on a sudden to fetch Old Crab's best wig, that hung upon a candle-stick on the mantle-piece, in order to repair the same, being a hand at a wig, and put it in buckle for dinner: the door being opened on a sudden made the young farmer start, for, being in a fright already, he the more readily gave way to fresh surprises, and, in an attempt to jump up, put

his foot upon his cudgel, which, as he thought, he had now laid out of his way; being a round thing, the cudgel made a sort of rolling motion upon its being trod on, and threw Master John with some force against the back of the chair, which, put thereby past its balance, came down backwards, and brought John Cartland along with it to the floor with his boots in the air. Old Comical loved a joke dearly, but never made a jest of a man in distress, clapt Old Crab's best wig on his head upon his own, and was running to help the young farmer, when in came Julia's mother in great haste upon hearing a noise which shook the homestall, conceiving John to be taking more liberties with Julia than came to his share on a first visit—but nothing at that time was so far from his thoughts—she found him lying on his back, and stunned with his fall. He presently came to his senses, for having cut his head against the window

dow

dow seat, a flow of blood soon relieved him: Old Comical now ran up stairs and brought down his best night-cap, gayly adorned with three horizontal stripes of different colours, and a large tassel, like an artichoke, upon the crown thereof, and, after some soft linen and a few drops of Friar's balsam had been administered by Julia's fair hands to the wound, put the cap upon Master Cartland's head, and bound it on with one of his own garters; then, giving Old Crab's wig some masterly touches, ran out to take old Farmer Cartland's horse that had drawn all the rest of the family from Broad-Oak: after a little talk about the accident, they all sat down to dinner, and Old Comical waited upon the company.

'Now it came to pass, after the boiled beef and cabbage, the ham and the fowls were removed, and the wine, punch, pipes, and strong beer put upon the table, " Look ye, Master Cartland,"

quoth Old Crab, " we will have no forcing and driving in this business, we shall be glad to see your son at a leisure hour at the farm, and if he and my wench can agree we'll have a wedding"—" And if so be that they cannot," interrupted the old farmer, " why, there's no harm done." " I loves Miss Julee rarely well," quoth Madam Cartland, " and if as why she can get the better of her heart and hankerings, for I have been told that the Squire don't care for a match betwixt her and his son, why, as I says, I hopes as how my son John, heaven bless him, may be her man after all, but yet, as why, as I says, I ba'nt for cramming force-meat into her mouth whether she wool or no." " Well, well," quoth Old Crab, " we shall see how matters will be; you and I understand one another, Master Cartland, Bullocks-Hatch and the water-meads come with your son, if the thing take place, and three thousand pounds go with my wench. But

the

the homestall must be repaired at your expense, I insist upon that, and I will keep the young folks until the farm-house be got ready for them." "Look you, Master Decastro," quoth the old farmer, "you must bear me half in that matter, it will cost me three hundred pound." "Not a penny," quoth Old Crab, "I have put five hundred pounds to my wench's fortune in order to take a step towards you, Master Cartland, so now it is your turn to take a step towards me." "Come, come," quoth the old farmer, "you will build a cow-house!" "No," quoth Old Crab. "A cart-house?" "No," quoth Old Crab. "A fatting hog-stye?" "No," quoth Old Crab. "Find me tiles for the wheat-barn?" "No," quoth Old Crab. "Be something towards the furniture?" "No," quoth Old Crab. "What, not a bed?" "No," quoth Old Crab. "Come," said Mrs. B. Decastro, "I have feathers enough by me to make a bed, if my

husband will allow me to make a little offer on my part." "Well, well," quoth Old Crab, "I sha'nt stick out for a few feathers, give us your hand, Master Cartland, if 'tis a bargain." Upon which Old Crab and the old farmer shook hands.

Now it came to pass that the news of this grand dinner, and the cause of it had reached the castle, and excited no little curiosity in the party there to see Julia's new lover: upon which the Earl and Countess of Budemere and Mr. and Mrs. Decastro ordered their carriages to be got ready, and, taking Lady Charlotte Orby and Genevieve along with them, they sallied forth in two coaches and four, to pay a visit to the farm in the evening.—Well, up they came all on a sudden to Old Crab's door upon a full gallop, and threw old Farmer Cartland and all his family into the greatest consternation!—The old farmer jumped up, and laid hold on his hat, and called for his

cart

cart and his old wig, for it rained, and his best might be spoiled, so he had brought two in case of accidents, one on his head and another in his pocket —Madam Cartland also jumped up, and up jumped her six daughters, who were all very fat and therefore made the greater crowd in a little room, and fell into a great pucker, getting into each other's way, and running one against another in scrambling for hats, cloaks, and bonnets! Old Crab, do or say what he might, could not quiet the waters, so he leaned with both his hands and with all his might upon the table, and it was as much as ever he could do to keep it from being overturned two or three times during the great push. Julia and Mrs. B. Decastro ran out first to receive the great folks and put them all very safely into her little parlour, wherein Old Comical had set the tea-things and the bread and butter all in order, before he went out to feed the pigs. Mrs. B. Decas-

tro now, leaving Julia the mistress of the ceremonies, returned to the dining-room in order to pacify the terrified souls whom she had left in it; and she found them in a great bustle, and in as much haste to make their escape as if the fine folks whom they saw come out of the carriages ate human flesh. The main push was now towards the back kitchen door, at which the old farmer first arrived, by main force driving his way through his wife and his six fat daughters. Old Dragon, the cart-horse, was harnessed in a moment, the cart brought up to the said back door, and loaded in a trice with the farmer and his family; upon which Master Cartland laid his cudgel upon old Dragon's bones, who was forced to drag his amazing load over all the dung-hills to get the nearest way out of the farm-yard!—Old Comical stood by and held his sides with laughter.

Genevieve and Lady Charlotte felt the greatest curiosity of any to see the

young

young farmer, but Old Cartland had made such a sudden start of it that they had like to be thrown out at last though they had a run for it, as will be seen: and out they certainly would have been thrown, but for a piece of bright scarlet ribbon which adorned old Dragon's bit-halter, which said bit of finery caught Lady Charlotte's attention as Old Comical lead the sturdy animal across the farm-yard: this had been Dolly Cartland's doing, who felt a little tenderness for her father's carter, and must needs rob her own head to deck old Dragon's who was a favourite in the stable. "I am sure they are going," cries her ladyship; upon which, as upon a view halloo, Genevieve and she darted away, and taking the nearest cut, like sportsmen when the game is up, leaped over some pales and ran directly through Old Crab's fatting hog-stye. Old Comical, who had just carried the tea, toast, and the bread and butter into the little

parlour,

parlour, and was gone out to feed the hogs, whose turn it was to be served next, seeing Lady Charlotte and Genevieve leap flying into the hog-stye, was turned into a post: away they ran, dashing through thick and thin, and out they leaped again at right angles, driving their way through forty fat hogs that stood and stared like stuck pigs. Now old Dragon had just tugged twenty hundred weight of human flesh and bones over all the dunghills in Old Crab's farm-yard, and got upon hard gravel outside the gate with old Farmer Cartland and his jolly family, when the beast made a full stop to get a little wind, &c. This gave Genevieve and Lady Charlotte the advantage, who ran up to the cart and beheld, to their great satisfaction, Julia's lover sitting on his mother's lap, crowned with Old Comical's striped nightcap. Old Master Cartland, seeing company come, put old Dragon to the cudgel with all his might, who made

made the best of his way to the cart-horse stable, at Broad-Oak.

When a chace is over folks have leisure to grow cool, and come a little to their senses, for sportsmen are little other than stark mad when they are a-running; just so it happened to Lady Charlotte and Genevieve, who now came to theirs, and, by the help of their eyes and their noses, both saw and smelt what a nasty pickle they were in: in the mind they were it were odds but they had dashed through a horse-pond to have satisfied their curiosities: Old Comical followed them at a great distance with a hog-pail full of clean water in one hand, and a wisp of sweet hay in the other, to wash the ladies shoes and wipe their silk stockings.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XIV.

Some few matters touching Genevieve brought up to the present time—Lady Charlotte informs her of the Proposals of the Hindermark Family—Further Accounts of Julia—Acerbus the Philosopher comes home for the long Vacation—Genevieve discovers that Mr. and Mrs. Grove are at Bath, and follows them to that place—Old Comical fast asleep—starts up, however, at the tail of the Chapter.

GENEVIEVE had some time since been mistress of her vast fortune, which, what with the accumulated interest, the purchase of the estate in Berkshire, and other additions taken into the account, was upwards of six thousand pounds a-year:—a great deal of money, and it may be a matter of wonder what she could do with it all? Old Crab, it may be remembered, was made her guardian by her father the jew, and her property was all put into his hands for her, wherein it was not very likely

likely to grow less; the fact, indeed, was that it grew a great deal bigger, for there were few such stewards to be met with as he. But to return to her: she was now become mistress of all, and, as power accompanies money, she was become, indeed, a personage of no small consideration. Having lost her parents before she knew what it was to have any, as a man who hath no children divides his estates between a few choice relations, she disposed of her love between those of her's who lived at the castle and the farm, her cousin Lady Charlotte Orby too coming in for a good share of it. In her affections she was extremely ardent, so much so as not to stick at a fault to serve one whom she loved. When she came into the possession of the fine property which her father left her, she bought a piece of land on the opposite shore of the lake, which commanded a noble view of that fine old pile of architecture, the castle, and built

built thereon a pretty cottage, wherein she put her old nurse who came to England with her, and made the good old woman an allowance of one hundred pounds a-year for her life; and, although she, for the most part, resided at the castle, yet she had at this cottage, in which she kept a few rooms very elegantly fitted up and furnished for the use of herself and her friends, formed a sort of establishment, keeping her carriage there, and two or three servants as need were. She was charitable to the poor, and did a great many good offices to her neighbours, but, after all, did not spend half her income, which Old Crab, still her trusty steward, paid into her banker's hands once a-year, when he went to London on that and a variety of other business. Genevieve was one of those who could not exist without being eager in some pursuit: the country was her delight, and farming the greatest in it, so much so that she took

an

an active part in it,' and worked as hard as any poor woman for her bread, and ate her's too with as good an appetite as a hay-maker, and, when love let her lie quiet, slept as sound as a ploughman. It may be a thing which some, perhaps, will not be pleased to believe, that a young woman, bred in all the elegancies of high and polished life, should take a fork, a rake, a hoe, or a reap-hook, and work like a poor girl in all weathers; such, however, was Genevieve, and to this it may be, perhaps, attributed that she never knew a day's illness: her residing for the first years of her life a great deal at her uncle's farm-house may, in some degree, account for this. But of this thus far.—

As soon as the Earl of Budemere had made known to his daughter the proposals of the Hindermark family, Lady Charlotte, as it was her custom when any serious matter befel, ran up stairs and locked herself into her apartment, and began to pace backwards and for-

wards

wards in it, setting tables, chairs, and other utensils out of her way for that purpose, and fell into a deep muse upon what her noble father had communicated. George Grove, a young man of great elegance and excellence, had long been her favourite, and, although she had gone at times so far as to give him a glance with her bright eyes very full of meaning, yet she had received nothing of that sort in return, which would have been the most agreeable to her: proposals were now actually made in form, and she saw that she might have George if she pleased; but the sweet milk-maid stood in her way, and, what was to be done, after walking four or five miles in her bed-room to consider, she could not tell. Taking Genevieve into a little summer-house on the margin of the lake, which, because it was shrouded in rose-trees, was called the Rosary, the following conversation took place between them:—

Lady C. I have a great piece of news to tell you, Jenny, I have found out who the lady is at last that will have George Grove.

Genev. My dear Charlotte, who in the world can she be?

L. C. Could you have guessed it? —it is even I.

Gen. You, Charlotte! you, do you say?—it is impossible.

L. C. Upon my serious word and honour, it is even I.

Gen. How, in the name of heaven, came you to know this?

L. C. My father came to me with proposals from the Hindermark family no longer since than yesterday—you may remember he called me out of the room.

Gen. I do.—But Julia is going mad—she weeps night and day—you never can think of—

L. C. Think of what, Jenny?

Gen. Think of what!—why, you must know what I would say—think of having him.

L. C. He's a very fine young man, Jenny.

Gen. So.—

L. C. You seem angry; but may not I say that George Grove is a very fine young man without giving you any offence?

Gen. No.—Folks are not apt to praise what they are willing to part with; unless a thing be on sale.

L. C. But a thing must be had before it can be parted with, Jenny.

Gen. And Julia shall have him never to part with him:—or—

L. C. My dear Jenny, I should not love you half so well as I do, if I did not know how warm a heart you have for a friend.

Gen. Jenny me no Jennies, but answer me one question.

L. C. Well, don't be so angry, and I will answer you fifty.

Gen. Do you, or do you not intend to have him?—answer me that.

L. C. Why not if Julia cannot?

Gen.

Gen. It will be the death of her! you will drive her to despair.

L. C. If she marries young Cartland why mayn't I marry George Grove?

Gen. But she will not marry him.

L. C. How can she chuse if her parents give commands?

Gen. There will be no force, my uncle is too wise a man for that: she told me so.

L. C. I am glad to hear it:—but if there is no force on one side there will be a great deal on the other, and that will be as bad.

Gen. On what other side?

L. C. On my side.—My mother told me this morning that I must have him, and if I don't like him I must try to like him: you know what my father is when he sets himself upon any thing.

Gen. Your father is a fool and your mother another: they would put you and George together as they were

put together, with their own example before their eyes:—they are well matched one way, for about as much love is lost on one side as the other.

L. C. Their's was a forced match I know—but there's no help for that—and there will be as little in my case, as sure as I sit here a breathing creature.

Gen. No help!—but there shall be help—I should like to see them marry me to any body against my will! I'd soon let them know who counted without their host.

L. C. It is loss of time to talk thus. —If George Grove's father and mother are resolute on his side, and my father and mother are as resolute on mine, what on earth are we to do? answer me that one plain question.

Gen. Much—if there was not one more to contend with, a more formidable enemy to Julia than if all the fathers and mothers in the world were put into one bag.

L. C.

L. C. And who is that, pray, Jenny?

Gen. Yourself.—You have a mind to George Grove, there the matter sticks.

L. C. I have:—I confess it.

Gen. You do!

L. C. I should hardly tell a lie in this matter; but if I said I had not, knowing George Grove, would you believe me?

Gen. I scarce should, for I am in love with him myself—none can know George without loving him; and none can know Julia without loving her: poor girl! she lay with me last night for company—what a night it was!—she cried all night long! the strongest body in nature cannot hold it out long against such sorrow.

L. C. My mother tells me matters are quite as bad with George, and therefore it is agreed to put the match on with the utmost expedition.

Gen. It is!—then we must look

about us; it must not be—it cannot be—it shall not be!—quite as bad with George? how comes she to know that?

L. C. Letters have passed between my father and Mr. Grove since they left Hindermark:—I asked her—

Gen. Tell me this moment where the Groves are—

L. C. I was just going to say that I asked my mother, but she said it was to be kept a secret where they were.

Gen. Charlotte—

L. C. Well.

Gen. I wish I could know whether you were honest.

L. C. What d'ye mean by that?

Gen. Why, whether you were determined to oppose this thing with all your might? for, knowing what I feel for Julia, I can hardly think, if you loved George in the way I mean, that you would confess it to me: that's too unlikely: I can, never can believe that: it were a secret which you would have

have hidden in the darkest corner of your heart. If you had denied it with a thousand oaths I should much sooner have suspected it.

L. C. But I really do love him, and would marry him too, if I could.

Gen. So would I, Charlotte, in the way which you mean :—but so far my heart is at ease: for I think, if you could do as you pleased, you would just as soon rob Julia of George Grove as I should.

L. C. Come, Jenny, don't reckon too much upon me; such a young man as George Grove in these days is not every where to be had: if you will not believe what I have said, I love him a great deal more than you think, and have less mind to refuse him than you imagine: but yet, I will not have him if I can help it, but will certainly have him if I can get him if Julia cannot chuse but leave him.

Gen. I am very well pleased with your exception, and hope there is as

little danger as I am willing to think in giving you credit for it.—I have every reason to suppose that my friendship is very dear to you, and if you were really attached to Mr. Grove I cannot bring myself to imagine that you would run it into any such danger as to own it to my face, Charlotte: but, unless Julia was dead and buried, I think I could never forgive you if you were to marry Mr. Grove.

L. C. My dear Jenny! this is too hard upon me: just as if Mr. Grove might not be forced on me in a way which it would be impossible for me to escape! It is an easy thing to talk, but when we come to the push of a thing to parry it is another matter. When fathers, mothers, and friends come armed in a close body against one —one poor defenceless girl, what can she do? nay, if she had the mighty spirit of the most spirited, how could she bear herself out against all her relations? I know George Grove thinks me

me very handsome, for he put in the *very* when he spoke of me one day to my mother; consider, should he be bought over by what he calls my beauty, and court me, and I in love with him too—think on such an aggravated case, Jenny.

Gen. You are a very comical girl, Charlotte; and I scarce know what to make of you.

L. C. At all events, this I will faithfully promise you—Love George or not love him, I love Julia so sincerely that I will most certainly make my escape if I can: but I still stick to this, if Julia cannot have him I will: for that may happen and Julia still be above ground.

Gen. If you are really and truly Julia's rival, all things else considered, I must say that I think Julia is in great danger—do come this way and look at this poor girl—see, there she is, walking by the side of the water, crying as if her heart was breaking!—Remember, Charlotte, I bind you in a

recognizance to the whole amount of my friendship that you exert every power to escape this match—but come, let us go and comfort poor Julia.

And, poor girl, she was much in want of comfort, for when they came to her, she had thrown herself on the grass in a fit of sorrow, and was bathing in her tears a miniature picture which George had given her of himself, and some of his letters; one, which she had just received, was as follows:

My dearest Julia,

What a sad thing it is to know that you love me, and that this very thing should at this moment double my grief! that the very same thing which so lately gave me the greatest pleasure that I ever felt in the world, should now be so turned against me! and the more you love me too the worse it should be! If I myself only suffered, my sufferings were single, but to know that another suffers upon my account, and that the bosom so pierced should be the dear

bosom of my Julia, would be, no anguish at all if my pen could express one thousandth part of it. Don't think that I do not know you weep; I can see your bosom heave, I can see your tears fall; can hear you sob!—O my Julia! what sad luck is ours!—But why need I talk about our loves? we know how dear we are to each other, more cannot be said than what has already been said upon this matter. I write now to comfort you all I can: I have stolen ink and paper, which have been carefully kept from me, for I am narrowly watched. After a theft 'tis strange to talk about religion; but, my dearest love, think a little that we are born on purpose to be tried: think that we shall not be tried above what we are able to bear; remember that the better we bear our afflictions the nearer we come to our reward: at present we are in the very fury of one of the most terrible storms that ever beat upon us, let us awaken our kind master who sleeps in our sea-beaten vessel, and

he will still the winds, and the waves will sink to rest. He says, 'Come unto me all ye that are laden with sorrows, and I will give you peace.' Let us look a little into this matter and see what can be done for us: I know that I cannot instruct you in your duty, but yet I can put you in mind of it. We must tie our sorrows up, or, like dogs, they will tear us in pieces. Let us pray together for patience in this our grief—let us cast ourselves down humbly at the feet of divine mercy and beg, if it be possible, that this bitter cup may pass from us! By *let us pray*, I mean let us join in actual prayer upon our knees, and let us, my sweetest love, use the same, the very same prayer too, which I will copy out for you on the last page of this letter.* I am sure it

* The prayer referred to in this letter is copied out of a very pious and learned writer, whose works have been many years in the hands of the public, which will excuse its omission in this place.

will

will be the only way to ease our poor hearts, and assuage our woes, and call down the grace of heaven to help us, and teach us due submission to its will. It looks a little oddly for one whose eyes are blind and dim with tears, to counsel another not to weep; but yet, my Julia, strive for yourself and for me, for my life is woven so with yours, that whatever cuts your thread in twain cuts mine too: think of this, for I know my welfare will be the strongest argument with you to take every care of your own. We must resign ourselves to his will who made us and all the world; we must take what he gives and be thankful: yes, my love, even our misfortunes too; for they make us his soldiers who tells us that we are sent into this world to fight against troubles, and contest the matter with every calamity which assails us. We are young in this world, my Julia, roses so far strewed our path of love, but now we tread with agony on those thorns

thorns beneath these false and showy flowrets hid! Let us not ask what we have done, my sweet, to deserve our sorrows; let us not say that all our meetings have been innocent, our love without a stain; let us not unfurl a flag of merit, for all our virtues, be they what they may, are less than the dust in the balance, unless his come into our scale whose merits are infinite. Lay this my letter, where I am sure, happy letter, it will be, lay this my letter to your tender bosom, my dearest girl, I do not mean the poor paper only, but the advice which it contains: for heaven's sake let us do our duty, and then we need not fear but if we cannot meet and be happy in this world, we are sure to meet and be eternally happy in a better. How far the commands of our parents may extend over us their children, I own I cannot say, and if I could, perhaps it would very little become me to do it; but I have resigned myself to mine, and

and think it to be my duty to obey them: if it be not the will of heaven that we should be united, unite at least with me in prayer, and say to heaven, "Thy will be done." I hope and pray that the motives of my parents are good ones; the lady to whom I shall be joined has not been as yet so much as named to me; all I have been told is that she is rich, has a title, and beauty. My heart, my Julia, will be ever yours, and whosoever takes this poor body without a heart in it, will have but little cause to be proud of the bargain. At my first interview with this lady she shall be sure to have my story fairly told her, yes, at full length; I shall honestly tell her that I will put off no damaged goods upon her, for such a husband without a heart must needs be, and the worst of damaged goods too; for what can she expect, what can her friends expect of a man whose affections are engaged to another? I shall fairly and honestly bid

bid them look to what they do, and what sacrifice they may please to make of a child, who must needs marry me and all my sorrows together.

But I must return to my most beloved of all subjects, for I know you would not love me, my sweetest Julia, if you knew that I loved even you above my religion, or against its rules—remember our last talk of all in our little arbour; we agreed that unless we were good it was impossible for us to be happy; nay, that we could not even make one another happy let our ties be never so intimate, our bonds never so sweet, never so close, unless we did our duty to heaven and to our parents: remember, when you gave your dear hand into mine, sweet pledge and symbol of your love, you said, "My dearest George, if our parents forbid it not, I will be yours for ever.' But, alas, my love, though yours are not unwilling, mine have forbid our union; and, unless heaven turn their hearts, will

will make some poor young woman miserable by chaining her to one who cannot love her; and yet, dreadful thought, must promise too, even at the altar, to love her!—well, if I am forced to this, let them look to it that force it; heaven itself is my witness that I had rather die at the altar than tell a lie at the altar. Finally, let not despair torture thy gentle bosom, my love—it is wicked to despair, for it is as good as to say that there is no such thing as a Providence in the world; some change, as yet unseen, may yet take place, and we may yet be happy.

Most faithfully,

Yours,

GEORGE GROVE.

P. S. We are on the road, but whither we are going is a secret kept from me:—so I cannot give you any direction, but will write again if possible.

Genevieve and Lady Charlotte both said and did all they could to comfort

poor

poor Julia, both by words and by kisses; but they did not tell her at that time the name of the lady whom George had spoken of in his letter, which Julia made an attempt to read to them, but could not get through it for crying; so what another could not read they were fain to read for themselves; the letter, she told them, was no secret, for both her father and mother had read it before she had read it herself; Lady Charlotte said, she did not count much upon religion in a storm; "Give me the man," added her ladyship, "who can say his prayers in quiet waters."

About this time there was a great and very terrible thunder storm, and a fire-ball struck a vast oak in Mr. Decastro's park and rent it up into ribands. Now as it is a custom before some great man makes his appearance for folks to make a monstrous noise with drums and other engines, this thunder storm came very well before

the arrival of Acerbus Decastro, the philosopher, at Oaken Grove: this sage observation was made by Old Comical, who walked before Acerbus with his saddle-bags on his shoulder from the ferry..to the castle. "John," quoth Acerbus, "what have I to do with the thunder storm?" "Buzzy," quoth Old Comical, for so he always called Acerbus, "the thunder storm is your antecedent, and the antecedent hath always something or other to do with the consequent!—the rattling of the thunder comes before you just as the rattling of the drums before some great man; well, then, I come with your saddle-bags, and last of all comes the philosopher: for, look you, Buzzy, a man of great consequence always puts noise before him, which some call music, skin, wind, and string;—all these go before a great man: nothing's to be done without noise in this world, Buzzy; if a man can't make a great noise himself, or get a pack of thundering

boys

boys to make a great noise for him, he had as good be three cloth yards under ground with six or seven tons of marble upon his bones." Now all this was very droll, but Old Comical might just as well have talked to a wall, for the philosopher was so deep in thought that he heard not one word of it. Now be it known that the long vacation had commenced, and that was the reason why the philosopher came home to see his friends; and when at home he had always been made such a fuss with that he was a spoiled child without getting any hurt by it, for he knew it, and was upon his guard against it: but this was a dangerous example, and had best not be followed unless a philosopher be born in a family; and then, perhaps, no harm may come of it; there may be another exception, viz. when a child is born a natural fool;—for then both papa and mamma put together cannot make matters worse. One moment, if you please—we have

one just at your service, reader—you have found a fault, perhaps?—it is like enough—Pray, how can a "*child be spoiled without getting any hurt by it?*" we beg to say, that nothing that is spoiled ever is or can be hurt, or get hurt. How can that be?—that is no business of ours—let what is spoiled look to that: when an historian hath asserted a thing, that is enough, and folks ought to be content: it is of no sort of use for people to make a growling and a noise, printed truth is truth, and there's an end of the chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

The Meeting of Genevieve and the Philosopher—their Talk—a great Kiss, but the great Kiss comes first—Genevieve's mad Couranto—a Race upon the King's Highway—a Man stolen—two good Children at the heel of the Chapter.—Sometimes Old Comical and sometimes the Solid Gentleman driveth the quill.

WHEN Genevieve heard that the philosopher was come, she felt just as if a flea had bit her heart and made it itch, and indeed her love for Acerbus was but a flea-bite at this moment in comparison to the vast ulcer which it grew to be in a little time—she ran to meet the philosopher and get a kiss, a common matter, reader, upon a meeting between relations, and Genevieve returned it upon Acerbus's ruddy cheek with such a hearty smack that made the room ring again! Adsbobs, a man had need be a philosopher to be kissed by

by such a lovely woman and get no hurt by it!—It had little effect upon Acerbus, however, who very coolly wiped his cheek with the back of his hand, knowing her eager way, and thought no more of it than if his mother had kissed him in her spectacles, *forasmuch* as it never came into his head at that time that Genevieve wanted to eat him: Nota bene, a lady in love is a great cannibal, and that was one reason why Genevieve ran after the philosopher into the garden, another was to get him alone and talk about love—what an impudent toad! stay, reader, not talk about her own love, O fie! no—Genevieve had taken fire first and been burnt to the ground—been roasted alive in her clothes—no, it was about George Grove and the pretty milk-maid that she came to talk; they engaged her heart so much that she could scarce think of what she felt herself; so she ran after him in the garden where she saw him walking:—

yes,

yes, saw him walking, for she watched him like a cat; saw him walking, for she counted every step he took as she looked at him out of her room window; saw him walking, for although he was not her child she watched him as if she were afraid he should come to some mischief: saw him walking, for the sight of Acerbus gave her black sparkling eyes such a sweet sensation:—"Cousin," said she, "what letter was that I saw you reading just now in the garden here?" "One from my friend George Grove," said he. "What have they done with him?" said she, "tell me this moment." "Taken him to Bath," said he. "To Bath!" said she. "To Bath," said he; "'tis a town in England, Jenny:" "I know that, you great fool," said she. "You may," said he, "and I be none the greater fool for that." "Yes, you are a great fool," said she, "for telling me what you must needs know that I knew already; but my telling you that you are a great fool

fool is news to one who thinks himself a great philosopher: what have they taken George to Bath for? d'ye know that, you dunce?" "Yes, I do, Jenny; Charlotte and he will be married there." "You are very cool upon this matter," said she, "one would think you did not care a farthing for Julia." "I do not count Julia's merits by farthings, Jenny," said he, "as some have done yours." "What d'ye mean by that, you jackanapes?" said she. "Why," said he, "I look into Julia's heart, and into your heart, Jenny, to see what ye are worth, and not into your pockets." "What! you think some have looked into my pocket," said she, "and counted my merits that way?" "Yes, and that way you have merits and to spare, Jenny," said he. "Take that away, and what would you give for me, cousin?" said she. "Why," said he, "there is your beauty, Jenny, and that is another out-of-door sort of a thing, and as for the

rest of the lump there is too much pepper in it for me." Genevieve gave the philosopher a box on the ear, and called him a blockhead.—" Come, Mr. Wiseacre," said she, " what do you think of this pretty business between your friend George and Charlotte?" " George has written to me for advice upon it," said he, picking up his hat which she had knocked off his head, " and I told him—" " Come," said she, " what? what did you tell him? let us hear." " You want to hear and will not let me speak," said he: " why I told him, as touching the marriage ceremony of which he spake, that if he married Charlotte and loved Julia, and Julia only, that they would force him to make a false vow in the church, and the parson would give him a blessing for telling a lie at the altar." " My dear cousin," said Genevieve, putting her hands between her knees and squeezing them together, a way she had when in a rapture, " My dear

cousin

cousin, that was charming! but did you bid George shew your letter to them all? did you say any thing about obedience to parents? for George is so dutiful, and Julia is so dutiful, that they would both go and hang themselves if their fathers and mothers bid them do so: duty to parents may be a very good thing as long as it does not interfere too much with one's duty to oneself:—did you say any thing about duty?" "I will answer you one question first," said he, "and then another, and not two at once, Jenny: In the first place, I bade George show my letter, wherein I argued as touching obedience to parents that a child shall not disobey his parents, but a parent may command a child to commit a sin, therefore a child shall not always obey his parents: all parents are under some law, but if they break that law they disobey the lawgiver; if the child commit sin by the command of his parents, he dishonours his father and

 mother,

mother, but he is commanded to honour his parents, therefore it is his duty to disobey his father and mother." "How!" said she—"you have such an odd way of talking that I can scarce understand you—if a child does a wrong thing by order of his parents he dishonours his father and mother, do you say? how is that, Acerbus?" "I argued in my letter thus, Jenny"— "O I am so glad," exclaimed Genevieve, "to get you on our side!—Well, and how did you argue in your letter?" "Why thus," said the philosopher— "to obey another who commands you to do wrong is to bring the commander into disgrace, but to disgrace one's parents is to dishonour them; he that doeth a wrong thing therefore dishonours his parents notwithstanding he does it by their order: for how can a child be said to honour his father and mother by taking a false oath at the altar by their command? To obey the second who disobeys the first in giving

a com-

a command to a third, is to disobey the first who hath a supreme right to lay his commands upon both, and exact obedience too: and this thing would George do if he took a false oath at the communion-table by order of his father and mother, who disobey the supreme law by commanding such obedience: Now if George cannot love Charlotte because he loves Julia, but promises at the altar to forsake Julia and love Charlotte, which he tells me is impossible; he makes such a promise at his own peril, and ought to name the impediment as soon as the parson has read the adjuratory charge: I proceeded to argue thus—he that delegates authorities to inferior powers limits the extent of such authorities, but no parent hath any right to command a child to break his laws who delegated to them such authorities, it is the child's duty, therefore, to keep the commandment and disobey his parents. This is the sum of my argu-

 ment

ment in George's case." "I am sure you are right," said Genevieve, "but I am dreadfully afraid that your letter will either not be understood or be neglected." "It may be neglected," said the philosopher, "but cannot be misunderstood :—I bade him put it into the hands of the parson as soon as the adjuratory charge were read, naming the impediment which he is called upon in so imperious a manner to declare; if the parson be a grave man he will put the ceremony by upon it." "O if they once get George and Charlotte into church it will be a lost game, take my word for it," said Genevieve, "surrounded as they are like to be by a gang of fine folks who want for nothing themselves, and therefore leave religion to others to beg and to pray by—suppose George should not have spirit enough to object his impediment—or suppose he did and got laughed out of it—or, suppose a hundred thousand things"—"Well, but

you

you can do no good, Jenny," said Acerbus, "by running mad about it." "A fiddlestick's end!" said she—"the thing will be the death of Julia and George too; they had better blow their brains out at once than murder them by inches:—if St. Paul himself rose from the dead and writ them as long a letter as the Epistle to the Corinthians, they would marry them if they heard the very devil hiss at the altar! something must be done and shall be done or I—" "Dear, dear Jenny!" said Acerbus, "you talk so loud you make the place echo!"—"The devil take the echos!" said she; "what can be done?"—"Why, verily," said the philosopher, "if time were allowed my friend something might be done to disentangle his affections from Julia; but this thing is pushed on with so much haste"—"Haste!" exclaimed Genevieve, "why, is any day fixed? ha? tell me! is any day fixed, I say?" "Yes, they will

 be

be married some day next week ; I received this letter"—"This letter!" said Genevieve, "what letter? you never told me of any letter!"—"Yes, I did," said he ; "I just now said I had received a letter, and have just now said what were the sum and substance of my answer thereunto." "Aye, I had forgot,—give me the letter, let me see the letter, where is the letter? is the man made of wood!" said Genevieve, thrusting her hands into the philosopher's pockets to feel for it, and turning them inside out, and all their contents! all their contents! aye, out came poor George's letter with snail-shells, caterpillars, beetles, and butter-flies, for the philosopher was a great virtuoso :—she snatched it off the ground, leaving him to pick up his beetles and his caterpillars, which ran different ways, and gave the philosopher a world of trouble, putting his hat upon some and his hands upon others : Genevieve, in the mean time, read as follows :

To

To Acerbus Decastro.

My dearest friend,

I gave you a full account of all matters between me and my Julia, in my last letter: I must now beg most earnestly of you to tell me whether there is not a fault in what I am going to do: I shall marry one woman and love another, pray excuse so wild a term, love another to distraction: I have this moment read over the marriage ceremony, and I am of opinion that I shall commit a sin in it. I know I can speak so to you, who think a sin no laughing matter; I seriously own that I think a sin no laughing matter, nor religion any laughing matter, though I am sorry to say, I am now amongst those who do so, gay folks who either laugh at religion because they know nothing of it, or make a jest of it because it forbids their vices: however, I would not be thought to

 call

call in religion to give me ground to disobey my father, or to lend a helping hand to get a beautiful woman: I have resigned myself to my parents, and, though in the madness of my love for Julia it is like enough that I may be extravagant, yet I seriously think that I cannot long survive this marriage, preparations for which are making with the utmost expedition, so much so that I am sure I shall not be a single man another fortnight. For heaven's sake, as you love me, my dearest Acerbus, give me your very best advice—read this ceremony with all attention—it is of all others the most dreadful thought that I should stand guilty of perjury at the holy altar. I have read the ceremony over twenty times, and every time convinces me more than the other that I shall commit a fault in what I shall now do: but yet, seeing this through the medium of my love for Julia, the matter may be magnified, it is like it may;

I am

I am too much interested to judge for myself, I am indeed: it were like enough for a man in my situation to be a great deal more afraid of losing a beautiful girl whom he loves to distraction—there comes that word again—than of committing a fault: spare me not, my friend; but I know you will not sacrifice the truth to me. I am in such a predicament that I can write no letter without asking my father's leave—I have it to write to you—you may guess at my situation by this:—we are at Bath in the Upper Crescent—write immediately.

My dearest friend,

Most faithfully yours,

GEORGE GROVE.

"The Groves are at Bath, then!" exclaimed Genevieve—"no soul here knew what was become of them, or whither they were fled.—Lord and Lady Budemere took Charlotte to Bath last week I know very well—to be married it is

now plain enough!—They will no more regard your letter, cousin, than they will regard the wind: they will be the death of George and Julia as much as if they shot both through the head—I'll to Bath this moment—where are they?" said she, snatching the letter out of the philosopher's hand—"O, in the Upper Crescent—I'll to Bath this moment, and pull the Upper Crescent about their ears, and bury myself and the rest in the ruins, sooner than this match shall take place!"—And she was as good as her word as far as going to Bath, though, as good luck would have it, she did not lay violent hands upon any of the buildings, but she laid violent hands on something else, as will be seen. She was gone in a moment, leaving the philosopher, upon his hands and knees, scrambling after his beetles, and, putting four post-horses to her carriage, off she went like smoke! the philosopher carried so much live stock about him that

that it was not very safe for any to come into his neighbourhood, for his clothes were full of beetles, bats, lizards, gryllotalpas and scolopendras that crawled all over him, and drew others which he never caught in search of their fathers and mothers, husbands, wives, children, brothers and sisters, and some after a time settled with their families and establishments in his garments.

But to return to Genevieve:—whatever else she might lose on the road she certainly lost no time on it—in she came into Bath on a full gallop, and the post-horses were glad to get rid of her, for she paid the drivers well to give them a good spurring—away she went, with fresh horses, directly to the Upper Crescent, when she found a great croud at Lord Budemere's door, and, among other things, three or four carriages with servants and horses adorned with ribands; upon this she gave up all for lost and took it for

granted

granted that the wedding was over: she jumped out of her carriage in a moment, and, driving her way through the people, rang at the house door: a servant coming, she said she wished to speak a word with Mr. George Grove, whom she understood to be in that house. "He is just going to be married, madam," said the servant: "O I know that very well," said she, "I will not detain him two minutes." While the fellow was gone to bring George, Genevieve bit her lips till they bled. George came to the door presently, and the moment she saw him she caught him up in her arms as one would a child, forced him into her carriage, and ordered the drivers to get out of Bath with all speed! This thing, as it were like, filled the by-standers with great admiration: the post-boys exchanged a broad grin or two, put whip and spur to four very spirited horses, and were out of sight like a flash of lightning. One way to put a stop to a

wedding

wedding is to take away the bride-groom; and this was one reason why Lady Charlotte was not married to George Grove that morning, and none will make any objection, perhaps, to its being a very good one. Now it came to pass that the parson stood with his book, and the church doors open, and the clerk ready to do his proper office, when news was brought that a lady had seized George, put him into a carriage by force, and ran off with him at full speed: so the parson ordered the clerk to lock the doors and take care of the church. The servant, instead of giving an immediate alarm, stood some time chattering with the people at the street-door, until another came to make inquiries for the bridegroom, when both the servants came to tell the news together, at which the whole party, and that no small one, expressed great amazement. But as soon as the servant who stood by gave, upon being questioned, a de-

scription

scription of Genevieve's person, it was soon known who it was that had run away with George Grove. Inquiries were now made as soon as possible in all directions, when Lord Budemere and Mr. Grove, taking the best intelligence they could get, and some servants, put themselves directly upon a pursuit. Genevieve would have fairly outrun them, however, but for an accident; poor George Grove fell ill, and she was forced to stop, put him to bed at an inn, and send for a medical man to attend him: he had, in fact, suffered so much of late, poor fellow, from grief and vexation, that he was much exhausted, and what with his weak state, and the perpetual worry of Genevieve's incessant tongue, giving reasons and making excuses for what she had done, he could stand his ground no longer, but was forced to lie by on the road to get a little strength to go on. Mr. Grove and the peer, running through the town in

which

which George lay ill, caught sight of Lucy, Genevieve's maid, who stood, imprudently enough, fixed in admiration of a tawdry gown, displayed like a trap, in a draper's shop window: they stopped the carriage, and called to Lucy—and they called and called again, for the wary jade stood her ground like a statue, to coin a lie: one of the servants was then ordered to bring her to the carriage immediately, and it was demanded of her, under heavy threats, in what part of the town her mistress might be found. "My mistress, my lord?" said she, for he was most eager to ask questions, "I will shew you where she lives, presently." "Lives!" said his lordship. "Yes, my lord," said Lucy, "she was alive this morning when she sent me to market." —"Sent you to market!" quoth his lordship. "Yes, my lord, sent me to market with a basket of ducks, which I have sold and am going home with the money in my hand, as you see," shewing him

him the money which she held in her hand to buy the gown: " ducks," my lord, " being but little in these parts." " The devil take your ducks! where is Miss De Roma?" " Miss De Roma!" quoth Lucy; "does your lordship think I could live with a mad woman? I love my bones better than all that, so I goes and hires myself to a quiet farmer's wife, and will live upon bacon and cabbage all my life sooner than wait upon any fashionable mad woman upon the face of the earth." " Drive on!" quoth Lord Budemere: " A good journey to your lordship," quoth Lucy, making my lord and Mr. Grove one of her best curtsies. As soon as the carriage was got out of sight, Lucy ran to her mistress, and told her what had happened, who could not help laughing at, though she felt like one who had been the cause of, such a scandalous lie. After a day and a night's rest George Grove was able to proceed on his journey.

This

This thing, as it were like, occasioned a great deal of talk, and a great many stories were told upon it, and one very much to Genevieve's discredit, which was, that she put a pistol to George Grove's breast, and menaced him with death if he made any disturbance.—We do not pretend to exculpate Genevieve in this matter, but we will take leave to say that this story is untrue: and as for her being herself in love with him, though people will say strange things, it is a little extraordinary that any body should say such a thing as that; we just mention it, however, to prove how far folks will go, when they are in a talking humour. Now, although we cannot exculpate Genevieve, something, we think, may be said in mitigation of the severe sentence passed upon her on this occasion: and first, the violence of the passions have been often pleaded in extenuation of the worst of crimes, murder itself has often been softened down

into

into manslaughter—if then where an ill motive produced the extravagance the violence of the mind comes in as an excuse, what may be said when love and friendship, amiable principles, push one on to a fault to serve a friend?—Genevieve dearly loved Julia and George too, and the thought of both being sacrificed to the avarice and vanity of their respective relations set her soul on fire—and, in truth, a man had as good struck a spark into a mine of gunpowder.

We shall take the opportunity to express our sorrow in this place and great regret at having no such thing as either a man or a woman without a fault:—could we find such a thing it would give us much pleasure and satisfaction to introduce the same to our readers gratis—though we think we should rather find our account in putting up a painted cloth and blowing a horn, taking a shilling a-piece of all curious folks for a sight of such a phænomenon.

Gene-

Genevieve had exhausted all her arguments upon George, and was fain to go over some of the old ground again to get him in a mind to proceed: he said, "glad as he was of an escape from committing what he thought a very great crime, and declaring in the church that it was his will to take a woman for his wedded wife, when, at the same time, nothing could be more contrary to it, yet he could not be brought to think that any good would come of the measure she had taken, for although the matter were deferred a little by it, he was sure it would not easily be given up." Genevieve replied, "If Julia and he would take her advice there would be little danger of that." George said "he knew what she meant, but if he could get the better of his own scruples upon it, he was sure Julia would never consent to marry him without leave." Genevieve overruled this, and said, "there were cases when one evil was to be weighed

against

against another; parents bringing their children into such dilemmas' if any thing were done amiss it would be set down to their account: As to Mr. Grove he had gone quite far enough to cancel all moral obligation on his son's part, pushing him forward with his eyes open upon no less a crime than a false oath at the altar; for, if his eyes were shut before the letter (meaning Acerbus's) were read to him, he could not chuse but see every thing plainly enough when it had been: and to marry against his father's consent would certainly be a less evil of the two:" George seemed to think that all was not right in this argument, but either could not find out what were wrong in it, or had no mind to take any pains to look for it. Genevieve, however, held him fast between her and Lucy, and, after a long run on the turnpike road, on which Mr. Grove and the peer had won the race without knowing it, lodged him safely

safely in her cottage, left him in the care of her old nurse, and made the best of her way to the castle to bring Julia to him. When she came there she found Mr. Grove and the peer had come before her, and told their story, and not a little glad were they to find Julia was safe in the house. Coming in, the first person whom she met was Old Crab: "Ahey!" quoth he, "whence came you, manstealer?" "I am just come off the road, uncle," said she: "Why, then," quoth he, "men may walk on it without any danger—are you run mad? or, what the plague is come to you?" "I don't know if I have been mad," said she, "however, I am not mad now." "All the better," said he, "we might have had more men chopped up else." "What I have done I have done, uncle, I cannot now undo it and do it better." "The devil's in't if you could, 'tis done and over-done and any thing but well done!" quoth Old Crab. "So be it," said

said Genevieve, "I am like enough to meet with blame, I expect that; thanks will come after,—for blame I am prepared for it." "Prepared!" quoth he; "I don't know what the devil you are not prepared for, that could seize a young fellow by main force in a public street, and carry him off neck and heels out of his friend's house whether he would or not: what Fury could drive you to do such a thing as this? and, pray, what the plague have you done with him, eat him?—bones and all, I warrant, for nothing could stick in your throat after such an exploit as this!" "No, uncle; I have not eat him, it was not upon my own account that I have done this thing, but for your daughter Julia's sake." "Yes, yes! you are like to mend matters finely if all Bedlam let loose at once in a gang could not do it!" quoth Old Crab, and marched out of the house, having called to see Julia, who was getting very ill. Genevieve then ran up to

Julia's

Julia's apartment, and said, "she was come to give her an airing in her carriage," and began to put a cloak upon her: Julia exclaimed, "My dearest cousin, what have you done? Lord Budemere and Mr. Grove were here yesterday, and said, you had come to Bath and taken Mr. George Grove away, and they could not tell what you had done with him!" "My dearest girl," said she, "why do you ask a thing which you know so well already? but come with me, and I will tell you a very odd story:" saying which she slipt away with Julia, for she had left her carriage at the park gates lest the noise of it might bring her any hindrance if brought to the house, and putting Julia into it, leaped in after her, and took her directly to her cottage. Coming within a small distance of it, Julia espied a man walking on the margin of the lake: "Who is he," said Julia, "that walks there?" "Why," said Genevieve, "if you had waited

till I were come to the end of my story I would have told you: that is George Grove come out to look for us." Julia fluttered a great deal at the sight of him, and made some objections to going on. Genevieve, however, bore down all opposition, and wheeled Julia up to her cottage door: when, come behind a bank of rose trees, George was hidden by the roses. The old nurse, who had orders how to manage matters, took Julia into a little parlour, and, telling her that her mistress staid to give some orders to her servants and would come presently, retired. Julia sat down upon a sofa, a good deal agitated, but did her best to collect all her strength and spirits to see George, and for this purpose a space of about ten minutes was allowed her, when, on a sudden, the door was opened and George Grove came in: Julia arose, and took two or three steps to meet him, and, fainting away in his arms, dropt her face upon his

bosom.

bosom. George bore her as well as he could back to the sofa, and, observing one of her hands to be clasped, thinking a bottle of salts might be in it, opened her fingers, and found a little picture of himself which he had given her, held within them. She presently came to her senses, and found George hanging over her as she lay reclined on the sofa, and his tears falling into her neck. After some mutual condolences, George told her, with an affectionate kiss, what was Genevieve's meaning in bringing him there, and that her carriage was held in readiness at the door to take them any where they pleased to go. Julia started immediately, and disentangled herself from George's arms, who held her fast to his bosom, and said, "Surely I know you too well, my dearest George, to expect that you will urge me to this! are we not already quite miserable enough? but I shall wrong you with suspecting a thing of which

you can never be guilty:—I cannot love you if I were to consent to make you more wretched and myself more miserable than we now are, but I should do a great deal worse than not love you if I thought you could second my dearest cousin in this matter." "O my dearest Julia," said he, "surely many and great allowances should be made for any in such a case as ours, if any thing can be excused." "Pray read that letter," said she, taking the last he writ to her out of her bosom, "read it attentively, before you speak another word." "I need not read it," said he, "for I very well know what I said in it, but, O my love, how easy a thing it is to say what ought to be done, and how hard to do what should be!" "This is very true," said she; "but let us strive to the utmost to do our duty in this very distressing case: as matters are things may change in our favour, let us not by our own imprudence bar good fortune out:

your

your last letter has given me great comfort, let us make it our rule, my dearest George, and we cannot long be miserable: I love you more than I ever loved you for it, O do not what will make me love you less! In regard to my dearest cousin's proposal, and I am sure she means well in it, yet I cannot, nay, I am sure you would have me rather die than agree to it: for, whatever turn things may take, whatever forgiveness may come, such an act will leave a deep wound in our bosoms, which, like an ulcer healed at top, will rankle underneath: if it please heaven that we should ever meet, my love, for indeed, indeed you are my love, said she, shaking him by the hand, while a tear stood on each cheek, let us not do that now which will then diminish our happiness. Go, my dearest George, resign yourself up to your father, who is now with Lord Budemere at Hindermark, and obey his commands." "But," my

 dearest

dearest Julia, how can I do this, and break a higher command? can I walk up to the communion-table and say that I am willing to take Lady Charlotte Orby for my wedded wife and not utter the greatest falsehood that man ever spoke?" "I had forgot that," said Julia; "but what did you do with my cousin Acerbus's letter?" "I read it to my father and my mother, and to Lord and Lady Budemere and others who were present, and it was held in contempt by some, and by others laughed at: I then took it to the clergyman who was to read the ceremony, and he said it was of considerable force, but, being a man low in the church, was under too much awe to say a word for me. What can be done, my Julia?" "Done!" said she, "can you hesitate one moment? your duty, surely: speak for yourself at the altar, name your impediment and refuse to tell a lie there. To run away is a sign of guilt,

guilt or fear, my love; let us stand our ground and fear nothing but to offend him who will bless us and reward us if we do our duty." George clasped Julia in his arms and held her to his bosom in silence. "Farewell, George," said she, "go and do as I bid you:"—upon which Genevieve's carriage, which was held in readiness at the door to have taken the lovers to Gretna Green if they had a mind to go there, served a very different purpose, and conveyed George to Hindermark, who, resigning himself into his father's hands, returned with him and Lord Budemere to Bath.

Genevieve, who had put herself into a closet to be witness to all that passed between George and Julia, when she found that George was come to a resolution to do as Julia had bid him, said but little, for he and Julia heaped gratitude and thanks enough upon her to satisfy any moderate person for all she had done for them, without drop-

ping the most distant hint that could at all offend her; and, indeed, it would have been cruel so to have done, when she entered with so much spirit into their service. Old Crab, when he heard how Julia had acted in this matter, called her a good wench and kissed her cheek, which was one of the kindest things which he ever did to any body's FACE.



CHAPTER XVI.

Lady Charlotte Orby's Plot to break off the Match between her and George Grove—Lord Budemere goes abroad—Lady Budemere and Lady Charlotte arrive at Oaken Grove—Genevieve's talk with the Philosopher—She falls into a muse—she and her Conscience pull caps—Frederick comes to Bath.

We put an end to the last chapter with Old Crab's kissing his daughter as it were in token of his approbation of her conduct, which, we observed, with *infinite wit and humour*, and hope our readers will be of our mind, was one of the kindest things which he ever did to any body's *face :* but every body will scarce be of Old Crab's opinion in this thing, and the ladies, perhaps, the scarcest of all; who may go so far as to call Julia a great fool, having her lover in her arms and not unwilling to make a dash with her, a chariot and a pair of excellent horses

standing ready at the door and at their service, and, notwithstanding so favourable an opportunity, sending George Grove, whom she was dying for, back again to his father to be married to another woman! Such was the fact, however, but whether she did right or wrong, great judges, and those that are not so, will determine. Now if one party call Julia a great fool, another will call her a heroine, and the like fine names, and cry up the thing as a noble victory over the passions: while squeamish, prudish, stupid, and foolish, and the like epithets fill the mouths of others. Poor George took his farewel of Julia, and stept heavily into the carriage, for Genevieve let him find his way into it himself this time, and was drawn, like a corpse in a hearse, to Hindermark. Genevieve was now grown cool, cool as a bar of cold iron which had been red hot, and, sending her old nurse to take Julia back to the castle, fell into a

muse.

muse. After a great battle had been fought in her brains, and argument encountered argument upon her conduct, her conscience took sides against her, and she and that divinity fell fearfully at odds: Poor Genevieve! she was fairly beaten out of the field and was forced to take shelter under her good intentions; she now saw that the heat of her friendship for George and Julia had run her into a fault: but yet she was loath to condemn herself, and could not clearly see how a kind heart could bring any body to blame.—Looking out of her window she saw the philosopher walking by the water-side with a book in his hands, she called to him seven-and-forty times before she could get his attention, for he was deep in Aristotle. "Ah, Jenny," said he, coming to the window which was open, "I was reading about women here, and your pretty face comes well enough as a commentary to the text." "Come in,

 cousin,"

cousin," said she, "I want to talk to you a little:" her bright eyes flashed fire at being called pretty by Acerbus. "I was told," said the philosopher, "that you had got my friend George here, so took my book in my hands and walked this way to see him." Genevieve was a little mortified at this, who had quite as lief he had come that way to see her; she proceeded, however, to tell him all that had passed between George and Julia at her cottage; when the philosopher, having heard all with exceeding gravity, said, "It was very well: but we must distinguish one thing from another in this matter," continued he, putting the fore-finger of his right hand upon Genevieve's bosom for no other purpose but to call her attention, it made her blush however, "we must distinguish one thing from another in this matter: as thus:—You have a very kind warm heart, Jenny, and always had, and I love you for it, but you have

been

been led to do what you ought not to have done." "Then you condemn me, do you, cousin?" said she in a lively manner. "Yes, yes,—condemn —yes—I disapprove—it is one thing to condemn, and another thing to disapprove: to omit the cause of the cause of the cause of the thing caused, we will be content with the causation of the thing caused, and this was love: what you have done was not done out of malice, if so we must have condemned the thing, but out of love, and if so we must disapprove, not love the cause, but the *thing* caused by love: now answer me, *is* that which causes a bad thing a good thing or a bad thing?" "Why, a bad thing to be sure," said she. "Is love a good thing or a bad thing?" "Why, a good thing, certainly," said she. "Is robbing another of the thing that is his, a good thing?" "No," said she, "it is a bad thing." "Is the cause of a bad thing a good thing or a bad thing?"

thing?" "Why it must be a bad thing." "Then," said he, "if you have answered rightly, love cannot be a good thing if it causes a bad thing." "You blockhead," said Genevieve, "how you twist one about!—when I said love was a good thing, I meant a good thing in itself:" "But," said he, "when I asked you if the cause of a bad thing were a good thing or a bad thing what did you answer?" "Why, I own, I said it must needs be a bad thing," said she. "Did you answer right or wrong?" said he. "Why, I answered without feeling my ground," said she, "I confess." "Come," said he, "is robbery a bad thing?" "Yes," said she. "Is to steal a child from its parents a good thing or a bad thing though caused by a good thing?" said he. "How you tangle things together," said she, "I can't say yes and no at the same time." "True," said he, "but you can say no first, and then you can say yes, afterwards:

can

can the same thing be a good thing at the same time and a bad thing?" "No, you blockhead," said she. "What causes a bad thing is bad, or what shall we say?" "Why certainly," said she. "Then if a good thing causes a bad thing the same thing is a good thing and a bad thing, or shall we deny it?" "You fool," said she, "I know very well what I mean but I cannot speak it out." "Is the thing you would speak out if you could a right thing or a wrong thing?" said the philosopher. "Why, it is a right one," said she. "Perhaps you mean to say," said he, "that it is the use which we put a thing to makes it right or wrong, good or bad?" "Now you have hit it," said she, "that is what I would say." "Then," said he, "did you put your love for George and Julia to a right use when you robbed George's parents of their child?" She was silent. "If you put it to a wrong use," continued the philosopher,

pher, "your love, according to your own account of the matter, was a bad thing and a wrong thing, or how shall we unsay what we have said?" "I don't know how it is, but I never can talk to you as I can to any body else," said Genevieve, "whether you are a greater fool than any body else, or whether I am a greater fool than you, or whether two great fools cannot talk together, or for whatever reason it is"— "What is a fool?" said the philosopher. —She hesitated. "Come," said he, "let us go and look the word out in the dictionary, for we don't seem to know what it is, and then we may know if it means you or me." "Why, you great dunce," said she, "I know well enough what it is without looking it out in the dictionary." "Come," said he, "tell me what it is." "It is an idiot," said she. "That is only another word for the same thing when I ask for a definition," quoth the philosopher. "What is a definition?"

said

said she. "Why," said he, "it tells us to what set of things any thing belongs, and tells us too how it differs from other things: now a wise man belongs to one set of things and a fool to another because they differ, but if I were to ask you if a fool in the form of a man were a man, or a wise person in the form of a man were a man, you would say what?" "Why," said she, "I should say they were so far both of them men." "Well, that is the set of things to which they belong so far, but then comes the difference, that is, between a wise man and a fool, and what is it?" "Why," said she, "want of understanding." "Well, that may do," quoth the philosopher; "now can you tell what is the definition of a fool?" "O yes," said she, "a man that wants understanding." "How did you answer then at first, like a wise woman, or a foolish one?" Genevieve gave the philosopher a box on the ear: upon which he snatched

up

up his Aristotle and ran out of the house: Genevieve jumped up to stop him, but he was out of sight in a moment. She was very much in love with him and was sadly afraid that she had offended him, and fell to abusing herself for what she had done, when old Nurse returned with a note of invitation for her to the castle.

We must now follow George Grove back again to Bath, whither he went with a resolution to refuse Lady Charlotte's hand at the altar. This match was a money job on the part of Lord Budemere, to which Mr. Grove, quite that sort of fish to be catched with a title, was drawn by the wily peer, who so managed the matter as to lay him under a legal tie to advance his lordship fifty thousand pounds on the day after the marriage, his lordship standing sorely in need of a little ready cash just at that time: Lady Charlotte's fortune left her by an aunt was fifty thousand more, now, she being

come

come of age, in her own possession: and his lordship made an attempt to get hold of the key of her ladyship's strong box, by holding out an estate by way of pledge to her, as well as Mr.. Grove, for the payment of the money at his death, engaged, in the mean time, to pay interest, on which the young couple were to live. Lady Charlotte said, "if she gave up her money to any body it should certainly be given up to her father, but told the lawyers that it was quite as safe in her own pocket." This gave the peer a fit of the colic, he and his stomach, however, were left to shift for themselves; he made sure of Mr. Grove's money, at all events, who was tied down safe enough to his bargain, by Petticraft and the rest of the lawyers; and had gone so far as to vest the money in his banker's hands ready for an order.

Lady Charlotte, upon meeting George Grove at his return, shook hands with him,

him, and said, "It is well, Mr. Grove, that Jenny has not swallowed you alive —or did she gulp you down and then cast you up again, as the whale served poor Jonas? If you really and truly did go down her throat, clothes and all, pray, how long did you stay in her stomach, and how did you like your new habitation? a full and true account of your travels down the red lane, and what happened to you afterwards, were very well worth publishing, and would make me some amends for having you snatched out of my mouth, and pushed into another's in this rude manner." George then told his story with a melancholy face; when she replied, "How far you have done right I shall not pretend to say; but this I will say, that if I had been in your place, and loved Julia better than I had loved Charlotte Orby, I would have made a far different use of my liberty than you did." "What would, what could your ladyship have done?" said he. "Done!" said

said she; "you have not half spirit enough for a lover; I'd have pounced upon Julia like an eagle, thrust her into Jenny's carriage, and whisked her off to Gretna Green to the old blacksmith, got well rivetted, and left her to preach her sermons at her leisure. Come, come, this is a good sign after all—you must love me best of the two or you never could have let slip such an opportunity as seldom falls to the share of any lover." "Upon my honour, and upon my soul," said he, "I do not—I should be a villain if I deceived you." "Then," said she, "I will marry you on purpose to plague you for leaving Julia, who is dying for you, in the lurch, when you might have been man and wife by this time—just as if a man who was really and truly in love would have stood gaping and staring at a parson in petticoats—'twas nothing but a little prudishness which she put on to try you, and was most lamentably disappointed at finding such a poor crea-

ture,

ture, instead of a young man of spirit and gallantry — O Mr. Grove, Mr. Grove, the ladies will laugh at you as long as you live." Saying which, she danced out of the room singing a sprightly air, ran up into her bed-chamber, and burst into tears. This was a very odd thing, but her ladyship's feelings got the better of her, and she just made her escape in time.

Lord and Lady Budemere, Mr. and Mrs. Grove, and others of their party, expecting no other impediment to their wishes, gave their time to visitings and amusements, in order to allow George Grove, who was ill, a little space to recruit his strength before another day was fixed for his nuptials.

Lady Charlotte, who could put on twenty different faces, and make every one become her too, was sometimes serious, sometimes gay, and played so many tricks that some thought she had grown tired of her wits, and was going to run out of them, or beside them.

During

During the interval between George's return, and the second day, which was now fixed, a matter came to pass which, falling in regular order of time, must be given some account of before we proceed to the catastrophe of his matters with Lady Charlotte Orby.

This was, the return of Frederick, Mr. Decastro's eldest son, to England, with his two friends Dogger and Barret, who, after running about the continent for their own amusement, came and took up their abode in Paris, and got so much in debt in it that they were forced to run out of it, or they might have staid a little longer in it than had been agreeable. But, although Dogger and Barret had been imprudent enough, Frederick loved his own ease too well to get into debt for more than he were able to pay, nor had he done so, but that his remittances from England had, upon some account, been withheld, and he was forced, though sorely against his will, to come home

home to look into the matter. The murder of his brother and the fear of being put in mind of his faults by the hangman, had kindled a hell within him which tormented him with unremitting fires, and, although no search had been made for him, Old Crab having been overruled in that matter, the apprehension of it was plague enough, and called upon him to be upon the look out. The first thing which he did upon his landing, after having punished his agent for playing the rogue with his money, was to change his name, and put on a disguise: he took a house near the banks of the river Dee, which had belonged to a smuggler, and lived like a gentleman with a pretty fortune; this house had subterranean passages under its foundation which led to secret caves and cellars, excavated by the late owner for the purpose of concealing smuggled goods, to which Frederick, who some time or other might, as he thought, be glad enough of a

hiding-

hiding-place, had not the least objection; with this view he furnished two of the largest of these vaults, which, conveniently enough, communicated with each other, putting a bed into one, and making a little parlour of the other, which had a fire-place in it, for the purpose of keeping the goods dry that were deposited in these vaults, the chimney joining one in the house above in a very secret manner: in this he was assisted by the said smuggler, who, still retaining the use of the other vaults, felt at least an equal interest in keeping the matter concealed. The reason for this minute description will be seen hereafter. This smuggler was the noted "Blazing Jack," as he was called, a fellow whom Frederick held in his pay, and for this purpose, viz. If he should happen to find the land too hot to hold him, he might, at any time, secure an outlet by water, the smuggler having always boats at hand: by this it will be seen what a very trou-

 blesome

blesome thing guilt is, and what pains bad men are put to to guard themselves at all points. But we cannot dwell on this matter any longer than to say that Frederick, having settled all matters to his mind in this place, came at this time to Bath with his friend Barret, who was advised to try the waters for the gout. Frederick had not been many days in this city before he found out that his uncle, Lord Budemere, was there, and, as great folks and their concerns are in every body's mouth, found out also that his cousin, Lady Charlotte, was come there to be married to George Grove. Frederick, who did not care how little of his face was seen, wore a huge beard, passed for an Italian jew of great opulence, and spoke broken English. Pettycraft the attorney, who was a sort of money-hunter for Lord Budemere, soon heard of him, and, getting his address, called on him and sounded him a little on the lending key. Frederick, finding it to

be his uncle who wanted to borrow, said, he had no more than fifty thousand pounds in the English funds, in a friend's name, which he could immediately put his hand upon; but, if he approved the securities, could, within twelve, or fourteen months at the farthest, command three times that sum. Pettycraft was one who always thought that a man could not have too much ground to stand upon, and, knowing Lady Charlotte's fortune to be under her own lock and key, was willing to guard the noble earl against all accidents; he therefore waited upon him with this piece of good news, and Frederick had the impudence to receive his uncle at his lodgings, darkening his room a little under pretence of weak eyes. His design in this cannot but be obvious enough; to explain it, however, to such as may be a little dull of apprehension, Frederick, after he had approved of his uncle's securities, and promised him

what money he might want upon them as far as they held out, asked his lordship if his countess were not some relation to his old friend Mr. Decastro of Oaken Grove? "Is Mr. Decastro an old friend of your's, sir?" said the earl. Frederick said he had seen much of him in Italy, and they had been very intimate friends there and much together. Having thus broached the matter, he craftily enough drew out of his uncle every thing which he wanted to know about his father and his family, their designs and plans, and found himself to be in less danger than he was at all aware of. "As for that villain Frederick," said the earl, "it was reported that he left the kingdom soon after his attempt on his brother's life and was dead, but the family had come to a resolution to make no inquiries after him, his design to assassinate his brother having come to no harm; he thought the feelings and credit of the family better consulted in so

doing,

doing, and had voted on his part that the matter might be dropped; indeed, if vengeance at all weighed in the matter, it was thought that the punishment would be more severe to let him wander, if alive, a vagabond upon the earth bereft of his patrimony and his friends, a martyr to his own conscience, than to bring him to justice for what he had done." Frederick did not much like the taste of this part of his uncle's talk, and turned the conversation to other matter, but the answers to his questions were not much more to his liking, for he was informed that his brother was alive and to come in for his estates, and that he was soon to be married to a rich cousin of his, Miss De Roma:—though his lordship spoke a little gratis here, every body saw how fond Genevieve was of Acerbus, and might easily forelay the event of such her fondness. This intelligence came into Frederick's heart like a bullet, and put him so much off

his guard, that he owed a good deal more to the darkness of the room, and the excellence of his disguise, than to his presence of mind, for his concealment. The earl asked him what it was that disturbed him so much? He said that the Miss De Roma, whom he had named, had used his son very ill who had paid his addresses to her. "I heard," replied his lordship, "that some foreign person had paid his addresses to my niece"—(his lordship meant Baron Rump)—and was going on, when Frederick, having got what he wanted, said he had some business, and, giving his lordship his address in Bath, where he said he might be heard of at any time within fourteen months, the earl made his speeches and his bow and left the room.—As soon as his uncle was gone, he started out of his chair, and, pacing furiously about his apartment, gave vent to the tempest in his mind. The thought that Acerbus, whom he mortally hated, should take

take the estates which ought to come to him, and marry Genevieve too whom he loved both for her person and her money, and by whom he had been so harshly rejected, almost made him mad. Colonel Barret, who had been to the baths, now came in, and Frederick told him all that had passed between himself and his uncle, and fell to vowing vengeance against Genevieve and his brother, of whose resurrection from the dead and good prospects in life he fully informed the colonel. Barret, who had likewise been refused by Genevieve, to whom he also had paid his addresses, willingly enough came into Frederick's plan of revenge, and promised, with an oath, to give him all the assistance in his power in any plot against her; and a dreadful plot was formed by them and one Dogger, who soon after joined them in Bath.—Frederick, who, like the devil in Milton, was the captain of his gang, as soon as the scheme was formed, offered, like old

 satan,

satan, to take the dangerous part upon himself, to go to Oaken Grove upon an expedition of inquiry, and see how the land lay for the execution of his plot. They were detained, however, some time in Bath by Colonel Barret's illness, the waters having brought on a fit of the gout which laid him under the scourge for some time. We have an opportunity here to give a short account of Barret's sufferings and terrors, who was brought into great danger by the gout, sometimes in his head, and sometimes in his stomach, so much so as to be at one time given over by his physicians, and advised to get ready to die: in this extremity he sent for Frederick to his bed-side, told him that he heartily repented of uniting with him in a plot against Genevieve, and called heaven to witness that if he were permitted to get the better of his disease that he would have no hand in it whatever: when, having much lamented this and many other bad things, he

he made his will, and, bequeathing all the money which he had got by the devil's help, in two equal shares to his friends Dogger and Frederick, laid his head upon his pillow, and said, he believed that he should go to hell. His disorder, however, took a favourable turn; a regular fit of the gout came into his hands and feet, and in six weeks time he was upon his legs again, and better in health than he had been for many years, for the gout had the same effect as a thunder storm has in the air, it cleared his constitution.—Now the devil, whom the gout had driven out of Barret amongst other bad matters, came back again with Barret's health and spirits, his great fright was made a jest of by himself and his friends, and they left Bath with a determination to put their plot into execution against Genevieve.

Of this matter thus far: we must now return to George Grove and Lady Char-

lotte

lotte Orby; but the reader, perhaps, will be glad of a little rest here, we will therefore consult his ease, and break this chapter into two pieces for that purpose.



CHAPTER XVI.

In Continuation.

LADY Charlotte was in a situation very little to be envied by some, though, perhaps, it might be even prayed for by others, who take it into their heads that they only want opportunities to be great heroines, which, if it were an easy thing to be, would be no matter of admiration.—Lady Charlotte was in love with George Grove and loved Julia at the same time, though these two were very different passions: in a word, after weighing matters much in her mind, she came to a resolution not to marry George though she loved him, and knew she might have him if she pleased, nay, that he would be absolutely forced upon her whether she would or not; and this her resolution was a very noble resolution, and taken for the sake of George and Julia,

for she loved them both, as we have said: but how this her resolution was to be made good was now to be considered: it was certainly a great sacrifice on her part and had great merit, and the more so as she kept it a secret, and did a good thing for the sake of the thing, and not for the sake of getting praised for it: and it came to our knowledge by a very strange accident, which the reader must content himself not to know: now, by the way, the true heroine never does any thing for the sake of praise or admiration, she is always above such things, and that it is which makes her one. The doing any thing and putting it out to the public view in order to get praised for it, has nothing great in it, but something that is very little. Lady Charlotte had her faults, and the means she took to get rid of George Grove may be by some put down amongst them, and by others again scored amongst her virtues, we shall leave,

leave, however, the matter to be sifted by such as will take the liberty to think themselves very wise in spite of others, and their stars to boot, and quit this tattle to come back to our history.

Her ladyship coming into the room with her eyes red and wet, her mother asked her what she had been crying for? She said she had been crying because she wanted to be married. "Well," said Lady Budemere, "the day is not at any great distance, cannot you be content to wait a few days for a husband?" "A husband!" said Lady Charlotte, "what do you mean by a husband?" "Why," said Lady Budemere, "by a husband I mean Mr. George Grove; you will be married to Mr. George Grove, and then you will have a husband." "Mr. George Grove would be a husband indeed, mamma," said she, "but I am sure I shall never have him, there's no such good news." "Heavens! Charlotte," said

said Lady Budemere, " you must have lost your wits; you know as well as I do that every thing is settled, and as soon as Mr. George Grove gets a little better you will be married." " I will not believe it," said Lady Charlotte, " nor would I have you believe it, mamma.—In the first place Julia is too good to be deprived of him; in the second place, he is too good to be mine; and in the third place, I am not good enough to be his; so if common justice be done I am sure we shall never come together." " You like to hear yourself talk, Charlotte," replied the countess; " there is nothing now like to hinder matters, Julia herself, you find, would not have him, but absolutely laid her commands on him to return to his father and his duty, so you need not stick any longer at Julia, she has discarded him, you see, and he is and will be all your own, all objections on that point are done away, she has turned her thoughts to the young

young farmer, that is plain enough."—
"No but she has not though—I am sure of that by what I have been told by George Grove, mamma; she would have him and be glad to have him, but told him she would not marry him to make herself and him miserable; which would be if she could not have him as she ought to have him, with the consent of all parties; you see with what notions Julia has been bred, Julia will die, and be glad to die rather than do a wrong thing: now if ever a good girl met with her reward on earth she will have George—put my words down." The countess laughed. "You may laugh, mamma, but she will have him for all that:—I know I shall never have George, and that makes me cry, because I love George and cannot get him, and never shall, so don't be so silly as to make a fuss about nothing, with your preparations for a wedding that will never be while the sun shines in the sky." "The sun's shining time

is

is like soon to be over then," said the countess with another laugh, "for all parties are now agreed upon the thing, and nothing but the death of one or both of you can hinder it, Charlotte."

"How sure we can be of a thing, mamma," said Lady Charlotte, "when we are not at all sure of it at the same time! —Go and fetch George and we will be married in the garrets now this moment, and then you shall lock us in and put the key in your own pocket, mamma, it is the only way to make a sure thing of it, for if Jenny should lay her great claws upon him a second time she may eat him if she happens to be in the humour, and not leave me a bit. But, after all, if Julia keeps George's heart I shall make but a bad match of it,—yet surely if he had not liked me the best he never would have come back to me: for what other reason could he have for running away from Julia? But the worst of it is, he has such a regard for duty, and such nonsense,

nonsense, I know he had rather die than disobey his father and mother, if they roasted a cat and bade him eat it. I shall always be in doubt about his heart, however, and what's Mr. Grove to me if Julia keeps the best part of him? It may look a little bold, perhaps, but I am determined to examine Mr. Grove before I go any further in this thing; and if you and Mrs. Grove are in the room at the time there will be no great harm in it; I think I have a right to know whether he will marry me because he likes me better than Julia, or because he is afraid his mamma should whip him if he does not." George came in at that moment, and her ladyship went on—"Come, Mr. Grove, stand here at my knee, I must ask you some questions: Do you know that we are to be married in a few days?" "I do," said he, with a sigh. "What do you sigh for? because it is so long to wait for me?" "No," said he. "Now pray, Mr. Grove,

Grove, answer me, when two folks are to be married, don't you think they ought to like one another better than every body else?" "I do," said he. "Come, sir, mind you answer me as you ought to do, or your mamma has promised to whip you." "My dear Lady Charlotte," said George, with a sad face, "pray don't talk in this manner, indeed I am in no humour for a jest, indeed I am not." "There is no jest in the case, sir:—tell me, has Julia your heart, or has she not? answer me, for if she has I will not marry you, I won't indeed: a fine thing truly, if Julia is to keep the pearl and leave me to put up with the shell. I am in earnest; which of us do you like the best? tell me this moment." "My dear Lady Charlotte, I wish I could be merry with you—but you must excuse me."—Upon which he was going away, when her ladyship ran to the door after him, caught him by the arm, and brought him back,

and

and said, "You take it into your head that you are doing a fine thing to sacrifice me, and yourself too, to a whim of your father's,—yet I beg to say, that whatever you may think about doing your duty to your father, in giving yourself up to his freaks, your duty to your neighbour may go a-begging, and your duty to yourself may go after it.—Have you no consideration for Julia, or for me? are we to be made fools of? or, to go no further, will you do me the greatest injury in your power, for I had rather you would cut my head off than marry me and love another, because you must needs stick at nothing to obey your father's orders? You must excuse me, Mr. Grove, 'tis time to speak our minds, do you love Julia at this moment better than me?" "My dear Lady Charlotte, I could love you, indeed I could, but you well know Julia has my heart." "This is very fine," said her ladyship, "is not this very fine?—Sooner than

marry

marry a man without a heart I'll marry an ox." "Come," said Lady Budemere, "you will carry the jest too far, —all's settled now, you know, Charlotte." "All's settled, mamma, pray who is Mr. All? I shall beg to tell this Mr. All in his ear, that he shall not make me and my friends miserable; I did not know if Mr. Grove might not like me better than Julia, but he still sticks to Julia and I can't blame him for that,—and I am sure it will never be a match." Lady Budemere laughed, and asked her how she came to take that into her head? "Because, mamma, I am sure Julia is too good, and Mr. Grove too good, to be made wretched all their lives." "You're a comical girl, Charlotte," said the countess. At that moment Pettycraft, the attorney, came in, and said that Lord Budemere wished to speak with Lady Charlotte in the next room. Upon her ladyship's appearing in it, "Charlotte," said his lordship, "we

cannot

cannot go on here without you; Mr. Pettycraft will explain the thing." Upon which Pettycraft, taking some skins of parchment in his hands, spake thus: "It appears by your aunt's will, my lady, that your ladyship comes into full possession of your ladyship's fortune at the age of one and twenty, and it appears here by an extract from the register of the parish wherein your ladyship was christened, that your ladyship hath already arrived at, and fully completed the said term aforesaid: therefore, my lady, your ladyship is now whole and sole mistress of your ladyship's fortune, left your ladyship by your ladyship's aunt Margaret, to all intents and purposes whatever: now for and in consideration of Mr. Grove having laid himself under legal tie, here it is, to pay, or cause to be paid, into my lord your ladyship's father's hands, or to his order, the sum of fifty thousand pounds in lawful money of Great Britain, for his whole and sole use,

use, and to be his own true and lawful property; to do with the said sum of money as to him it shall seem good, save and except the interest thereof, for the payment whereof certain lands thereunto fully competent will be saddled and charged, your ladyship is desired to make over, pay, or cause to be paid into his lordship's your ladyship's father's hands, or to his order, fifty thousand pounds, being the whole of your ladyship's fortune, for his whole and sole use, and to be his own true and lawful property to do with the same as to him it shall seem good, save and except the interest thereof, for the payment whereof certain lands thereunto fully competent will be saddled and charged, as in Mr. Grove's case aforesaid: provided always that his lordship, for himself and his heirs, covenants and agrees to make the lands aforesaid responsible for the said two sums of fifty thousand pounds each, to be duly and truly paid at his

death

death, to him the said Mr. Grove, and his heirs, and to you, or to whom your ladyship shall direct or appoint —furthermore—" "Pray, sir," said Lady Charlotte, "when is Mr. Grove bound to pay down his fifty thousand pounds?" "The next day after the solemnization of the marriage, my lady." "Mr. Grove is a prudent man; and as for my money, sir, I will keep it in my own pocket; my papa will have quite trouble enough with Mr. Grove's money, so I think it best not to add to it; therefore, Mr. Pettycraft, I will keep my money in my own pocket as aforesaid." "But, my lady, when your ladyship is married, your ladyship's husband will—" "O sir, let not that trouble you—I know how to keep things in my own pocket—I'll be husbanded by no husbands, I nor my money either, and as to my poor papa, he will have trouble enough of his own without my charging or saddling him, as you call it, with my fortune: I

am

am sure my papa only wishes to put my money in a safe place, but it is put into a very safe place already, videlicet, in my own pocket, and there it will lie till I please to move it." "Mr. George Grove has the character of a very sober steady young man," said Pettycraft, "but, my lady, we cannot tell what turn the young gentleman may take." "O sir," said Lady Charlotte, "let him take what turn he will, he never will turn my money out of my pocket, I have taken care of that." "You have, my lady, have you?—put it under trust, perhaps, or—" "I will save you the trouble of fishing for it, sir, you will not know any thing about the matter, so set your heart at rest:" saying which she left his lordship, and the lawyers, to their parchments and their meditations, and Lord Budemere, for some reason, said not a word. Now it happened on the day when all was ready for the marriage, and a world of fine folks were come, Mr. Grove,

who

who had not yet made his appearance, came into the church in great agitation, seized his son George violently by his arm, pulled him out of the place by main force, and left all the said fine folks with their eyes a yard wide open. "If people go on so," said Lady Charlotte, "I must die an old maid at last!" "Verily," quoth Doctor Fiftycox, D. D. "we can do nothing in the way of matrimony without a bridegroom," and, shutting up his book, put those muscles in motion, which, under due directions, move a man out of a church. This move of the doctor's did not take place, however, until Lord Budemere, who followed Mr. Grove, to bring him and the bridegroom back perhaps, returned, and said, that he got out just in time to see Mr. Grove put the bridegroom into a coach, and drive off with him, and, as he guessed by the great trunks buckled upon it, had no mind to stop at a mile's end. "Now," said Lady

 Charlotte,

Charlotte, "what a pretty fool I look like! Come, papa, let us all get into our carriages and have another run after Mr. George Grove; we had better do any thing than stay in Bath to be laughed at." Now, in a fit of astonishment, whether the mind is too much engaged with the oddity of some wonderful occurrence to take any care of the muscles which keep the mouth shut, or however the matter be, the lower jaw is apt to drop and leave the same wide open, this, let the learned account for it, was just the case in the church, where fifty people were assembled to see a wedding which they did not see, and the best reason we can give for that, is, because there was not one: recovering presently from this apoplectic stroke, all the tongues in the place began to move, to pour out notes of admiration at what had befallen, and every body said that it was the oddest thing they had ever seen in their lives—which now remains to be accounted for.

This

This is a very bad business, and we could be glad, for obvious reasons, to bury it in oblivion, but fifty stories are got abroad upon it, and, as good luck would have it, not only not one out of the fifty is the right story, but, bad as the truth is, every one is worse than the truth, which now remains to be told: a man's vices are sure to keep a rod in pickle for him; the Earl of Budemere is one instance out of many: a man may hold two churches by dispensation, but he cannot, in England, get a dispensation for holding two wives; so Lord Budemere held two without one, and, not content with this, committed adultery with another man's wife into the bargain: a pretty brood of chickens to be hatched under one hen, but such is the fact: now one would think the world might be satisfied with such a story as this, but the liquor is never strong enough for such as are used to drink drams:—if a duel or two, or a murder could come

in, how nice it would make the story! and they were put in, for the earl was said to fight two, and kill one man upon the spot: we must peel off these duels and this murder, however, dirt which the story has picked up by rolling about in a world which is not very clean: there were no such things—for Colonel R. agreed to compromise his wife's honour for a sum of money now under demand; and Miss F.'s family, who were extremely poor, were to be bought off too, and these two sore places, unluckily for Lord Budemere, wanted plasters at the same time, and put him into great perplexity, for the demands were high, and his lordship's affairs in a very shattered condition. The reader sees plainly what a timely supply Mr. Grove's fifty thousand pounds were like to be, and Lady Charlotte's fortune too, if it could have been come at, but her ladyship took better care of the key of her strong box. We

need

need not draw Miss F.'s family out of its obscurity any further than to say that she was the daughter of a very worthy clergyman, who was too well guarded against accidents for his lordship to get possession of her in any other way than by marrying her, under a feigned name, which he made no scruple to do, without any fear of the countess before his eyes. How the devil brings a man into trouble and leaves him in the middle of it! A rheumatic gout brought the Reverend Mr. F. to Bath a little time before George Grove was to be married to Lady Charlotte, and a very few days after Colonel R. had hid himself and his butler in his wife's room, and detected his lordship in a situation which cannot be named:—storms sometimes follow one another:—Lady Charlotte, who left no stone unturned for a plot to break off the match, with George Grove and had formed a scheme for that purpose

which perhaps would have done for want of a better, but a better was found—Lady Charlotte was walking in Bath one evening, and had left her footman to bring some parcels which she had bought, when she met Lord Budemere coming, not in a run, but very near it, who, seeing her, took the first turn and disappeared in a moment without staying to answer a question which she put to him, which somewhat surprised her ladyship: presently she met an old gentleman coming on two crutches, who seemed to be in chace of something with all his impediments, for he was in a heat and a bustle, and asked her which way the gentleman were gone whom she had just met? Her ladyship plainly saw, from his agitated manner, that he had some very particular engagement with her father, and was curious enough to pump the old man upon two sticks for the matter:—"Do you know that gentleman, sir," said she, "who

just

just passed me?" "Know him?" quoth the old man, "yes, very well—he is my son-in-law." Lady Charlotte would have kept her colour if she could, but she turned pale, and, being a rosy girl, it could not escape any who could see a woman's face by daylight. "Madam," said the old man, "if I may be so free, will you allow me to ask you what it is in what I have said that turns you so pale?" "O," said she, "the person of whom you spoke is a relation of mine, that's all." "If that is the case we are related too, madam; for that gentleman, whom you call your relation, has married my daughter." Lady Charlotte could not keep herself quiet for her heart, but changed colour and panted, and tried to conceal her agitation, which made it worse. "I beg for your excuse, madam," said the old man; "but will you favour me so far as to say if this person be nearly related to you, or not?" "He is only my father, sir," said she. "Then

your name," continued he, "must be Morris."—"No, sir," said she, "my name is not Morris." "I am afraid you will think me too bold," said he, "but may I beg for your name, madam?" "I am not at all surprised at your curiosity, sir," said she, "for I own I have at this moment quite as much as you—and if you will answer me all my questions I will as faithfully answer all yours—to begin, my name is Lady Charlotte Orby, and his name, who is oddly enough become the subject of our conversation, is the Earl of Budemere. The old man took a step or two back and dropped his shoulder against the wall of a house to support him; Lady Charlotte gave the old gentleman what assistance she could, and sent her footman, who then came up, for a chair; the old man was put into it, and the chairmen, taking the direction where to go, carried him away. Lady Charlotte excused the thing to her servant by saying the old

man was taken ill in the street, and walked home. As soon as it grew a little dark Lady Charlotte, who took care not to forget the old gentleman's address, wrapped herself up in a cloak and slipped out unobserved, and coming to the door of a house in an obscure street, knocked at it, when a beautiful young woman neatly dressed came and asked her for her errand. Her ladyship said she was ordered by Lady Charlotte Orby to inquire how the old gentleman did whom she had sent home in a chair? "It was my father," said she, "and I humbly thank her ladyship for her goodness to him; he is gone to bed, for he said he was a little worse this evening; and, indeed, that was all he did say." "Pray, madam," said her ladyship, "will you allow me to ask if you are Mrs. Morris?" She said she was. "I am a little tired," said her ladyship, "may I beg a chair for five minutes?" She was then shown into a neat little parlour,

parlour, and sitting down, said, she knew Mr. Morris very well. Lord Budemere had carried on his intrigue in this poor family with such an air of mystery as had excited no small curiosity in it about him, which made the poor young woman eager enough to ask questions, by which Lady Charlotte soon found that the old gentleman had retired without telling his daughter the news which he picked up in the street. Upon which her ladyship thought it better to leave it to another to explain matters, so, by evading some questions, asking, and answering others, she fished out the following facts: That she, Mrs. Morris, met with his lordship in a stage-coach, who came into it, as she thought, for no other reason than because she was in it, that he followed her into Cornwall and took a lodging in her village, that he made several attempts to get her for his mistress, and, finding at last all means vain except honourable

able ones, he paid his addresses to her, and had been married to her two years and an half, the fruits of which marriage were two fine babes which she then shewed to her ladyship: pressed as he had often been both by herself and her relations to say who he was, and what were his family, he always declined giving any account of such matters upon account of a quarrel in it, and why that should be the reason of his concealment he would not say: he always had a great deal of money, and from his air and manner seemed to be some superior person: used to leave her at times for two months together, going to London, as he said, to try to make up family broils, and would be so engaged very often as to stay only a few days with her; that his manner was very kind and attentive to her, and seemed very fond of her little ones: her father, she said, was come to Bath for the use of the waters, and they had left a letter for him

should

should he come, for he was not at home when they came away, to say that they were gone to Bath. Lady Charlotte then left the house, saying, that it were not unlikely that she, or Lady Charlotte Orby herself, might call the next day, who, she added, felt very much upon her father's account. After this curious adventure some wet days and a bad cold confined her ladyship to her room for a week, who, after a good deal of balancing matters in her mind, came to a determination to keep the thing a secret for the present, but soon took an opportunity to call on Mrs. Morris, whom she found overwhelmed with sorrow, her father having communicated the sad news to her that her husband was none other than the Earl of Budemere, then living with his countess in Bath. Lady Charlotte comforted her as well as she could, and told her she had nothing to accuse herself of but a little indiscretion in marrying one whom she knew

so little of; that not knowing Lord Budemere to be a married man she could be guilty of no crime, on the contrary, had great merit in withstanding every wicked solicitation, which was more than many could have done in like circumstances. While they were talking the poor girl's father came in, and Lady Charlotte said she had taken the liberty to call to ask him how he did, and was glad to see that he had left off his sticks. He said her ladyship did him much honour, that he was much better, and believed the great distress and agitation of his mind had been so far of use to him as to remove his complaint; that since he met her ladyship in the street, and he begged again to thank her for her kind assistance, he had sent several letters to the Earl of Budemere but could get no answer to any but the last, in which he had found himself under a necessity to mix threats with entreaties: he had consulted a lawyer

lawyer on his case, (who happened to be Pettycraft, his lordship's solicitor,) and was advised by him, having due regard to his lordship's high rank, to come to some private compromise in the business, which might be done without making any disturbance in his lordship's family: he had held off, however, and thought that such crimes ought not to lie hid, that, be the man what he might, he ought to be made a public example, and in the mind he then was, such was his determination. Lady Charlotte said that the injury which her father had done his family was certainly extremely serious, so much so that it could be by no means repaired; she was of opinion, however, that it were better to follow the advice of the lawyer, and make no noise in the business. The old man said, that he felt it to be a duty which he owed to society to drag such a delinquent into light, and make a public example of him. "The mouse," said

her

her ladyship, "had best let the lion alone; you are, sir, none other than a poor curate, as your daughter informs me, and as little able to stand your ground in this thing as the little creature which I have just named against the king of the beasts." He made answer, "that her ladyship's comparison had nothing to do with him; he lived in a country that would give him justice if he asked for it, and weak as he might be, he would do his best to pull such a huge mass of guilt into the sight of the world." "You may conceive, sir," said she, "what I must feel upon this shocking subject; I have kept it at present a secret in my breast." —The old man said it should not be a secret long; he felt much for her ladyship, and others, as innocent as herself, but he expected the lawyer presently, meaning Pettycraft, and was determined to prosecute such a villain with the utmost rigour of the law. He made an apology to her ladyship for using

using so harsh a word, but hoped that the agonies of his mind might excuse an intemperate expression. — Lady Charlotte said, she was ready to make every allowance, and taking a promise that every word which had passed between herself and them should be strictly kept a secret, left the house, and, concealing herself in a corner, saw Pettycraft go into it. Lawyers, who live and breathe amidst storms and tempests and outrageous passions, are never so much in their element as when all the elements are in disorder; Pettycraft advised the poor parson to be quiet, told him that his lordship had some good livings in his gift, and one likely soon to fall, of five hundred pounds a-year; he would, if he pleased, call on his lordship and see what could be done for him. "It would be to put a living to a fine use," said the old gentleman, "to stop a hole in my daughter's reputation with a church steeple! —I'll die starved to death in my curacy before

before I will take the best benefice on earth by way of compromise for my daughter's infamy!"—"We must be a little cool in these matters," said Pettycraft, "and not quarrel with our bread and butter, sir; you will see things in a better light when the sky clears a little; if this be a sin, for so you will call it I suppose, what can be a better expiation for it than a church?" Pettycraft, however, might have talked his tongue to a cinder before he could have persuaded the parson from making a public exposition of his lordship in the mind he then was; he was a poor man himself, it was true, but he had rich friends who would support him; so he sent Pettycraft with terms of defiance to Lord Budemere, who, with great difficulty, and with the assistance of all Pettycraft's art, bought the parson off with a promise of twenty thousand pounds, and a day fixed for payment. This was one of the uses to

which Mr. Grove's money was to be put :—the other was as follows : Lord Budemere had made a very low bow to a colonel's lady, as aforesaid, this was very true, but that he fought and shot the colonel was not quite so, for the colonel died of a fever, and not of a gunshot wound : Pettycraft, a useful man, was employed in this affair also : of the fact there could be no doubt, since the colonel himself and his servant were concealed in his wife's apartment : Pettycraft advised his lordship not to come to a trial, and the colonel took ten thousand pounds, and a day fixed for payment : this was another use to which Mr. Grove's money was to be put : so his lordship stuck spurs to the affair between George Grove and Lady Charlotte in order to get hold of Grove's cash as soon as possible, for, as the reader now sees, thirty thousand pounds thereof were bespoke, and that to be paid in the course of a very

very few days.—How Lady Charlotte picked up intelligence of this last affair, is not known, but it is supposed to come by means of a servant whom she had lately hired from the colonel's house: be that as it may, her ladyship was in full possession of all these gay exploits of her father, and sent an anonymous letter to Mr. Grove containing an accurate account of both, the uses to which his money was to serve, and a reference to Pettycraft for a proof of all; who, as soon as he read the letter, went to the lawyer without a moment's delay: Pettycraft, after a little hesitation, which was of little use, upon being pressed home, said, that however Mr. Grove came by his knowledge, all was certainly true: "Very well, Mr. Pettycraft," whispered Mr. Grove in his ear, "we are bound in honour to keep his lordship's secrets, it is all mighty well—good-morning, good Mr. Petty- craft;"

' craft;" saying which, he walked out of
' the lawyer's chambers upon his tip-
toes, as if he was afraid of disturbing
Mr. Pettycraft's family: what follow-
ed has already been said.

END OF VOL. II.

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